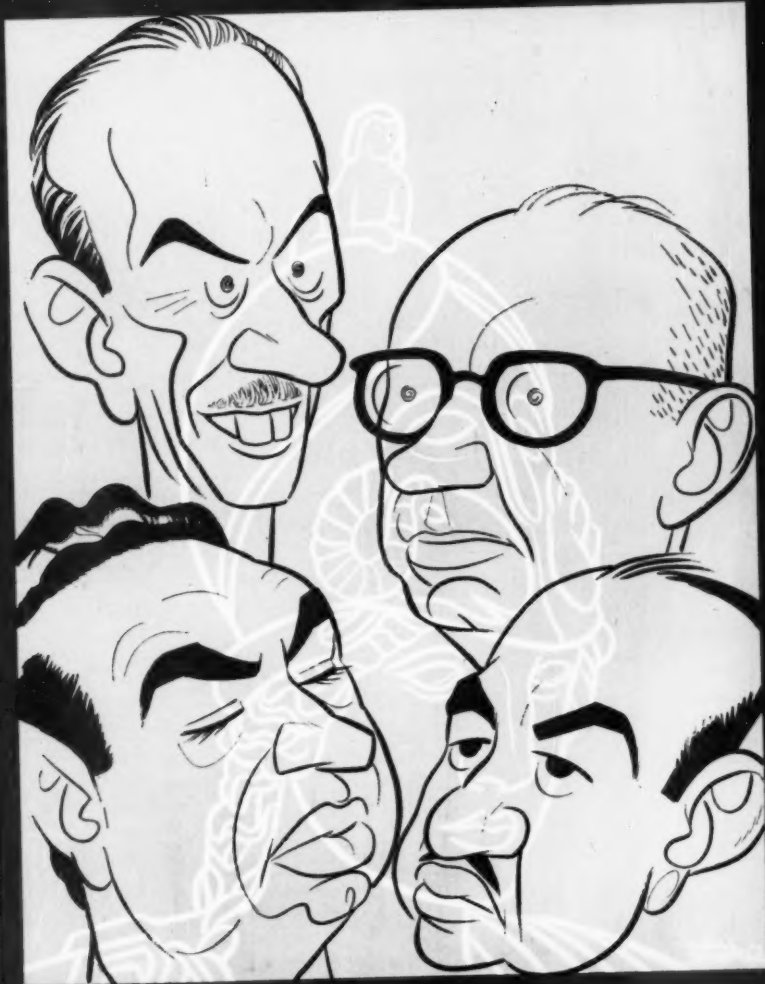


# Américas

NOVEMBER • 1951



The Inter-American Council session in Mexico City to right, top to bottom: 1951 Secretary General  
Harris, President of the Americas Director American Union, UNESCO Director General Torres Vidal, Mexican  
Secretary of Education Cuel Vidal. See page 6



# Américas

Volume 3, Number 11

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## Dear Reader

One clause in the will of Dr. Leo S. Rowe—who carried out the duties of Director General of the Pan American Union so effectively for twenty-six years—reads as follows: "... and the entire remainder [of my property] unto the Pan American Union, hereinbefore mentioned, to be administered by the Governing Board of the Pan American Union as a Revolving Fund, to be used, under such conditions as the Governing Board may determine, as a Loan Fund for Latin American students who may desire to study in the universities of the United States. This revolving fund may also be used by the Governing Board as a Loan Fund for the entire personnel of the Pan American Union, under regulations prescribed by the Governing Board."

In order to carry out the donor's wishes, a permanent committee of the OAS Council (which subsequently took over the functions of the Governing Board) was named to administer the Fund, and has been working without interruption for more than three years under the Council's regulations on the granting of the loans.

The primary purpose of the Leo S. Rowe Fund is to help Latin American students who have some resources available to them but not all they need to complete their study or research in the United States. Up to now, 248 students have benefited. The total money lent amounts to one hundred thousand dollars.

The Council's permanent committee has always tried to provide as wide a geographical distribution as possible in granting loans to the students. However, the speed with which loans are granted primarily depends on the applicants' fulfillment of the necessary requirements.

A student who wants help from the Rowe Fund must be in a position to finish his studies within two years; he must be previously registered in or accepted by a university or center of higher education in the United States; he must present letters vouching for his good moral conduct and his ability to carry on his duties in this country; and, finally, he must guarantee to repay the loan, in United States currency, within a maximum period of five years after his return to his own country. In exceptional cases loans are made to specialists or research workers in order that they may complete advanced studies.

The Latin American students have matched the donor's noble purpose and the permanent committee's tireless efforts with obvious honesty. Not a single student so far has voluntarily failed to carry out his obligation. There are some who are now having serious difficulty in repaying the loans, but they are living up to the confidence shown in them even at the cost of great effort. The committee is not worried about these cases, for it is sure that the beneficiaries want other students to enjoy the same privilege they have had, and very soon.

On Wednesday, October 10, the permanent committee on the Fund held its one hundredth meeting, under the wise chairmanship of the Peruvian Ambassador to the OAS, Dr. Juan Bautista de Lavalley. To offer Latin America more professionally trained men, more technicians, more scientists, it will continue its untiring work, helping young people with limited resources to realize their aim of educating themselves in the United States, and thus respecting Dr. Rowe's will.

*M. Lleras*  
Secretary General

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## CONTRIBUTORS



Posing AMERICAS' leading question this month, "No Culture in the U.S.A.?", is Columbia University's distinguished philosophy professor IRWIN EDMAN. He was born in 1896 in New York City, a stone's throw from the university where, in addition to his teaching duties, he is chairman of the department of philosophy. Except for various long stays abroad, Dr. Edman has been there since 1918. Well known throughout Latin America, he has taught, as visiting professor, at the National University of Brazil in Rio de Janeiro, and lectured at the National University in Mexico City. Also an author of note, he has written the books *Philosopher's Holiday*, *Fountainhead of Freedom*, and *Four Ways of Philosophy*, and is a frequent contributor to the *New Yorker*, *The New York Times*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a number of other publications. At one time a visiting professor at Harvard, he is during 1951-52 Fulbright lecturer at the Sorbonne and at Aix-en-Provence in France.



From Paris, Spanish-born MARIO DE LA VIÑA relates a little-known story about "America's French Godmother." A resident of the city beside the Seine for a number of years, Mr. de la Viña is editor-in-chief of a news bureau, the *Agencia Febus*, a post that takes him all over Europe. Winner of several of Spain's most coveted journalistic prizes, he has the faculty of spotting stories significant to Latin America. When, in the course of his travels, he arrived at Saint-Dié, he unearthed the material we publish this month. Born in Gijón, Asturias, in 1910, Mr. de la Viña has been foreign correspondent in Europe for *Carteles* of Havana, editor of Madrid's *La Libertad*, and writer of literally hundreds of articles, reports, and critiques for the outstanding newspapers of his native country and Latin America.



Attending a New York University course entitled "Field Workshop in Social Anthropology in the Virgin Islands," LEW ARTHUR went to the U.S. possession for six weeks and liked it so much he stayed twelve. "Caribbean Pinpoints" is the report of his trip. Born in New York City, Mr. Arthur says that as long as he can remember he has been interested in people, and has "no facility for the higher mathematics or sciences." A former student at the Breadloaf, Vermont, writers' workshop and City College, New York, he has worked as film inspector in movie

laboratories and sometimes still does between writing projects. At present a free lance, Mr. Arthur has written for *Yank*, *The North China Marine*, *The New York Herald Tribune*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *The Washington Post*, newspapers of the North American Newspaper Alliance syndicate, and others. During World War II, he served with the Marines in China as a correspondent.



This month journalist-cartoonist JOAQUÍN ZAVALA, who drew our May cover, tells a "Nicaraguan Fish Story" in a revelation of piscatorial facts stranger than fiction. Born in Granada, on December 17, 1910, on the shores of Lake Nicaragua, one of the places he tells us about, Mr. Zavala studied law at the university there before entering journalism. Onetime publisher of *Opera Buja*, a humorous magazine, he has been a cartoonist for almost every leading newspaper in his native country, and prefers caricatures to anything else he does. Grandson of the late President of Nicaragua, Joaquín Zavala, who signed the Zavala-Frelinghuysen Treaty giving the U.S. rights to an inter-oceanic canal across that Central American republic, he has been in his country's diplomatic service, serving at one time as chargé d'affaires and consul general in Mexico and, prior to Pearl Harbor, as consul general in Tokyo. Evacuated during the war to the United States aboard the *Gripsholm*, he has lived here ever since. A former NBC radio commentator, he now works in Washington where, in addition to his duties as correspondent for the Voice of America, he paints murals and dabbles in sculpture and portrait painting.



During the inaugural session of the Inter-American Cultural Council in Mexico City, one of the educational exhibits that drew the liveliest comment was a display of sculptures in wax, reproducing in minute detail typical Indians of Mexico. They were executed by an attractive and vivacious housewife, CARMEN C. DE ANTÚNEZ. Because of her extraordinary research among live Indian models, AMERICAS asked Mrs. Antúnez to describe her methods, which she has done in "Folklore in Wax." Born in León, Guanajuato State, she has been fascinated by painting and sculpture ever since she was a small child. Because she has had no formal training, her work is completely spontaneous and personal. Married to a chemist, Mrs. Antúnez is the mother of three grown sons. For the past twelve years she has been connected with the National Institute of Anthropology and History, which commissioned her to do a complete series of Mexican Indian types.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization.



# no culture in the USA?

Irwin Edman

FOR MANY YEARS people in the United States—North Americans, as I learned to say in South America—have come to regard their country as the leader of the Americas, not simply by virtue of power and internal conquest but for its culture and spiritual achievement. Early in the nineteenth century eminent U.S. leaders used to speak of our country as the light of the world. In the same way we have come to regard ourselves as the light of the Hemisphere. The brute fact is that we are not so regarded by others, as I was convinced by a five-month visit to Brazil on a "cultural mission" during World War II. What gave me pause as well as amusement was the delighted and dubious surprise with which Brazilians received any hint that there was culture in the United States at all.

I do not mean to say that there are *no* Brazilians who had ever heard of Whitman and Thoreau, Hawthorne and Emerson, William James and John Dewey. U.S. novels, in English and in Portuguese, were to be found in the bookshops, U.S. news- and other weeklies on the newsstands in Rio de Janeiro. But culture, in the sense of a general high level of sensibility and thought, was considered exceptional in the United States. It remained surprising or beyond belief to Brazilians, even those who had some reason to know better, that there should be a U.S. culture in the same sense as a French or an English or an Italian culture. It was a source of astonishment that there were North Americans interested in the best that has been said and thought in the world. The legend of the dollar-chasing, jazz-obsessed, gadget-preoccupied

Poet Robert Frost conducts seminar on English literature at Dartmouth College



North American has persisted in Brazil as, I am reliably informed (by Brazilians among others), it has persisted all over South America. "But where do you find people to talk to?" an otherwise polite Brazilian lady asked me one evening at a dinner party. I raised my eyebrows. "But I mean about music and art and philosophy and literature," she explained. "Surely there cannot be many North Americans with your interests."

I tried to explain that it was not unusual for cultivated people to find kindred spirits in the United States. My dinner companion looked skeptical as I began citing all the evidence of widespread musical interest, the millions of listeners to the Saturday broadcasts of the Metropolitan, the widespread adult education, the vast number of students in our universities. I noted the enormous financial foundations for education. I called attention to



*U. S. industries sponsor cultural activities: Philadelphia students view Standard Oil photographic exhibit at Franklin Institute.*

the university presses, the scholarly journals. We had come to after-dinner coffee and liqueurs before I had finished.

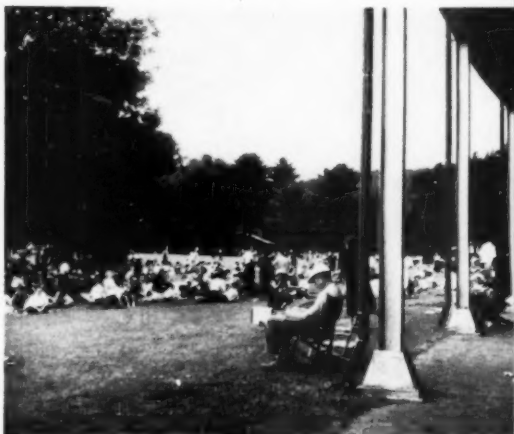
Often in the course of the next few months I had occasion and felt the obligation to explain these and similar facts to Brazilians. They listened with amazement and sometimes with incredulity. They believed me, and yet one could see a reservation in their belief. I gradually found out what caused their hesitation. One could pile on the statistics of education as one would. Their net impression of the United States did not seem to confirm the statistics. The tone of the United States was that of a nation in which "things were in the saddle," in which there was no life of the spirit. They felt we were a democracy in which, in Santayana's ironic epigram, "everybody gets what he desires and nobody knows what he wants, or what's worth wanting." The legend of the crass, materialistic, semi-literate North American still survives; of the North American who is a Philistine and



*Artist Thomas Hart Benton, whose canvases portray U.S. landscapes, hails from the Midwest*

a vulgarism; of the North American who is almost unbelievably innocent of the patrimony of the past, of the heritage of the European tradition, or of the great tradition of the United States itself.

The North American visitor in Brazil is at first tempted to reply impatiently and belligerently. It is hard to take the charge of illiteracy with equanimity from a nation in which countless millions, indeed a majority of the population, are still illiterate. Brazilians are quite prepared to agree that a great many North Americans know how to read and write. But they think that reading and writing are used in the United States chiefly to decipher picture captions and the comic strips. It is hard for a North American whose life, through many years, has been devoted to education to accept the charge that his country is uneducated and unconcerned about education. But Brazilians are referring to quality and not quantity, and they are not impressed by the quality of



*Berkshire Festival trains musicians, draws informal crowd of music-lovers to New England every summer*

U.S. education as evidenced by the North Americans they generally meet, or the products of North American culture they come in contact with—the movies, the best-sellers, the advertisements and the values those advertisements suggest, all surface, all gloss, all external. It thus comes down to this: Brazilians judge the United States by what they see of it, its most characteristic cultural exports, and the relatively small cross-section of North Americans they see in Brazil.

The idea of cultural missions is not new with the United States. The French have been sending cultural ambassadors, professors, writers, and so on, to Brazil for nearly a hundred years. Brazilians have been going to France to study for that long. Culture is to Brazilians, or was until very recently, synonymous with France, and to a lesser degree with England. Educated Brazilians

Brazilians we are still the Colossus of the North. During World War II, we were the arsenal of democracy as we may have to be again, and—war or peace—we are the great factory and workshop of the modern world. Not only is the United States a miracle of production but we constantly boast of it.

There is one aspect of our civilization about which we brag less, though we are not without our vanities about it. We are the outstanding salesmen and advertisers of the world. It is as salesmen as well as technicians and engineers that we are chiefly known in Brazil. Most North American residents in Brazil are there for business reasons, no small portion of them as sales agents for U.S. goods, chiefly of widely advertised "name brands." The contemporary books by which we are known are incidentally "name brands," too—current best-sellers.



*Arturo Toscanini directs NBC Symphony Orchestra at one of its weekly broadcasts*

looked to France, not to the United States, for cultural leadership, though for medical, dental, engineering, and business training, more and more young Brazilians come to us. They know we have technical "know-how." But reflective Brazilians, like other Latin Americans, often wonder whether we have any "know-what-for." They are more than suspicious that we have only the most primitive ideas or none at all on the ends toward which we are directing our colossal means.

Brazilians know that there are sensitive and reflective North Americans; they have even met some. They have read classic U.S. literature, and several of our more distinguished contemporary writers. But, for all that, U.S. culture still seems to many of them a contradiction in terms, cultivated North Americans rare oases in a vast desert. As I observed all this during my stay in Brazil I began to wonder why the stereotype of the U.S. barbarian, the Babbitt, was so persistent.

Brazil itself is a colossus, and economic experts say it has a potential wealth as great as our own. But to

Brazilians may be forgiven for supposing that the North Americans they meet in Brazil are representative of North Americans in general. No, they are grateful and appreciative of the devoted and competent technicians who have done so much for health and education and transportation and agriculture in Brazil. They are happy, too, to have many ingenious and useful U.S. products. But they can hardly have formed a very high impression of personal or spiritual distinction by seeing a nation represented chiefly by "sales" representatives who seem not only to know little of their own culture, but to have a barbarous unconcern and incuriosity about the people and the culture among whom they have been domiciled, many for twenty-five years or more. I met North Americans who after a quarter century of residence in Brazil boasted contemptuously that they knew only "kitchen" Portuguese. The educated class in Brazil is not numerous but it is extremely sophisticated, and also proud. Its members do not relish condescension from people whom

*(Continued on page 41)*



Shaping a continent's future: (left to right) OAS Sec. Gen. Lleras, UNESCO Dir. Gen. Torres Bodet, Mexican Education Minister Gual Vidal, PAU Cultural Affairs Director Amoroso Lima, and PAU social science specialist Theo Crevenna during a plenary session

# A COUNCIL IS BORN

**To give people everywhere a chance to go to school and to know their neighbors' culture, the OAS sets up a new agency**

"OUR LAST CHILD" was the way delegates to the Inter-American Cultural Council fondly referred to the latest addition to the OAS family. Born in Mexico City in September. All twenty-one member nations were there to welcome the young hopeful and start it on its way. They had been waiting for this event ever since the plans were laid in the OAS Charter at Bogotá, Colombia, three years earlier.

Despite its vague title, this new agency of the Organization of American States represented a very concrete achievement to the participants edging their way toward international goals. To them the inter-American team was now complete and could virtually play the field of human endeavor. Two older OAS technical councils had been carrying the ball in legal affairs and in economic and social activities. The new one would tackle education, arts, letters, and sciences. Not that this was unfamiliar territory, but the efforts so far had been sporadic and isolated; the Cultural Council would supply impulse, coordination, and direction.

To the man in the street, unfamiliar with the maze of official terminology and the techniques of international action, the meeting in Mexico may have meant very little. Yet he is the one who will ultimately profit from it. Because of it, a Bolivian Indian on the shores of Lake Titicaca may learn to read and write, to make his home more livable, his crops more productive. An Argentine archeology student may receive a scholarship in Mexico. A U.S. scientist may discover the work of his counterpart in Brazil who is researching the same problems. A struggling young Chilean musician, Colombian writer, or Guatemalan artist may find the going less tough, may even win international recognition. In the long run, all the new Council's activities will be directed toward erasing the ignorance of alien cultures that Irwin Edman discusses elsewhere in this issue.

On Monday morning, September 10, the big auditorium in Mexico's elaborate Palace of Fine Arts was packed with curious spectators for the opening session. The papers had played up the fact that both OAS

Secretary General Alberto Lleras and Jaime Torres Bodet, director general of UNESCO, were in town for the occasion. The Mexicans, who by now are old hands at playing host to international meetings, were delighted that their invitation to this one had been accepted.

Lined up on the stage, the group of delegates certainly looked homogeneous enough. It was hard to believe that as educators, authors, scientists, diplomats, they represented twenty-one countries, many walks of life, and vastly different cultural backgrounds. Sprinkled through the audience were the observers sent by organizations whose interests tied in with those of the Council, such as the United Nations and UNESCO, FAO and ILO, the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, the Inter-American Commission of Women, the Inter-American Indian Institute, the Institute of Agricultural Sciences, and the Pan American Institute of Geography and History.

Mexico's Secretary of Education, Manuel Gual Vidal, who was later elected chairman of the Council, extended the official welcome amid a pandemonium of picture-taking. Then Dr. Lleras threw down the gauntlet: "... In America today there is still racial discrimination, and we must abolish it. Because education is restricted, sometimes artificially, sometimes for natural or economic reasons, millions of men and women have never been to school and are denied equality of opportunity." Until the Organization of American States realizes some of its aspirations, he soberly reminded the Council, it will not be an association of peoples, but only of governments. Dr. Torres Bodet brought up a subject newshawks pounced on hungrily: the relations between the OAS and UNESCO. He explained how their work dovetails, outlining the precautions taken by the world and regional organizations to avoid duplication of effort.

After the inaugural ceremony, delegates plunged into a grueling two weeks of work at their headquarters on the eighth floor of the Social Security Building, a spectacular new office structure on one of the capital's longest and handsomest thoroughfares, the Paseo de la Reforma. As designated by the OAS Charter, the Director of the Pan American Union's Department of Cultural Affairs—Dr. Alceu Amoroso Lima of Brazil—was automatically Executive Secretary of the Cultural Council. Officers elected at the first plenary session were Chairman Gual Vidal and Vice-Chairman Félix Diambaïs of Haiti, two of five Ministers of Education who attended.

To simplify their work, conferees split up into three principal committees: one on organization and relations, another on education, a third on culture and sciences. These in turn were divided into working units to cover the separate fields of study: the Culture and Sciences Committee, for example, formed separate groups to deal respectively with arts and letters, sciences, and libraries.

For months in advance of the Mexico meeting, the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs had been laying the groundwork, drawing up a handbook to orient the delegates, preparing reports on the work already launched in the cultural field, and mapping out a program for future action. To integrate the meeting, three PAU specialists served as secretaries of the various committees. Thus

Dr. Anibal Sánchez Reulet of Argentina, chief of the PAU Division of Philosophy, Letters, and Sciences, was secretary of the corresponding committee of the Council; Panamanian Francisco Céspedes, chief of elementary education at the Pan American Union, was secretary of the education committee; a legal specialist from the Union, Luis Guillermo Piazza of Argentina, was secretary of the committee on organization; while a fourth, social-science specialist Theo Crevenna, was appointed secretary of the plenary sessions.

Several of the OAS Ambassadors played leading roles at this first meeting of the Cultural Council. One of the most diligent was Venezuelan Ambassador René Léperanche, who was selected for his legal talents to chair the committee on organization and relations. Another was Ambassador Rafael Heliodoro Valle, who could be found at odd hours of the day or night unceremoniously pecking away at a typewriter he had borrowed from a secretary to write a resolution. OAS Ambassador from Mexico Luis Quintanilla, who headed his country's delegation, participated so assiduously in the discussions that at one point he good-humoredly chided the other delegates for allowing the meeting to turn into a soliloquy.

As always at inter-American conferences, there were those who worked anonymously behind the scenes to keep

(Continued on page 28)



Brazilian, Costa Rican, and Haitian delegations just before votes were cast for members of interim Cultural Action Committee



Social Security Building housed Mexico City meeting



# CARIBBEAN PINPOINTS\*

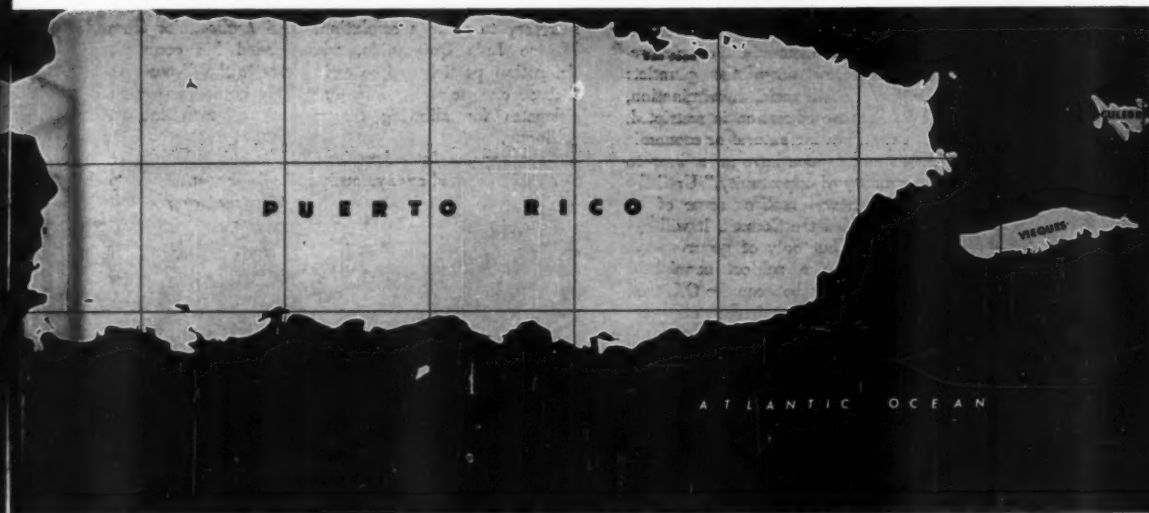
Liberty-loving Virgin Islanders live in a tropical Eden  
where pirates used to dwell

Lew Arthur

IF YOU WERE TO TAKE a grass-green rug and bunch it up from all corners, it would look like an airplane view of the 132 square miles of the Virgin Islands. A brief flight of some seven hours and fourteen hundred miles southeast of New York City, this U.S. territory is mainly composed of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John, together with fifty assorted islets, cays, reefs, and scraps of submerged mountaintops. Great ravines rip the sides of volcanic rock; and flamboyant jungleland, bright

flags fly over the islands, the United States purchased the Virgins from Denmark in 1917 for twenty-five million dollars as a defense outpost for the Panama Canal. During World War II, the territory's strategic position astride principal Atlantic trade lanes made it a valuable allied submarine base.

Although today the Virgin Islands are only a few pinpoints in the Caribbean Sea, not always apparent on maps, one important characteristic sets apart this tiny



with scarlet and purple bougainvillea, rolls down to clean, sleeping beaches.

Columbus named the islands for Saint Ursula and her companions. Native huts in a tranquil setting of banana and coconut groves plus tiny uninhabited islands off to seaward reinforce a feeling this could have been man's first home. But the territory has a notorious past, a seesaw history of colonial wars, slave trading, and piracy.

Based in the Virgins' myriad coves and inlets, fierce sea rovers preyed on treasure-laden Spanish galleons. Tales of hidden hoards of gold are not entirely mythical. Not many years ago, a lucky road construction gang unearthed thirty thousand dollars in golden doubloons while repairing a main street in Charlotte Amalie, the capital, named after a Danish queen. The memory of eighteenth-century pirates Blackbeard and Bluebeard is recalled by local luxury hotels that bear their names.

After a varied ownership, which saw seven different

community of 26,654 inhabitants: their day-to-day well-being. Islanders live without too much exertion on the products of earth, sea, and sun. Charming and wonderfully gregarious, they speak English with a rising musical Calypso inflection. Few racial barriers mar their perfect harmony. Of predominantly African descent with an admixture of Carib, Dutch, Spanish, French, English, Danish, and American, islanders enjoy real freedom and hold high positions in every walk of life. If any lines are drawn, they are crossed too nimbly to be clear.

Fifteen years before Lincoln delivered his Emancipation Proclamation, the natives of these sugar-and-rum islands had already won their liberty. Governor von Scholten on July 3, 1848, had issued an historic document: "All unfree in the Danish West Indies are from today free. . . ."

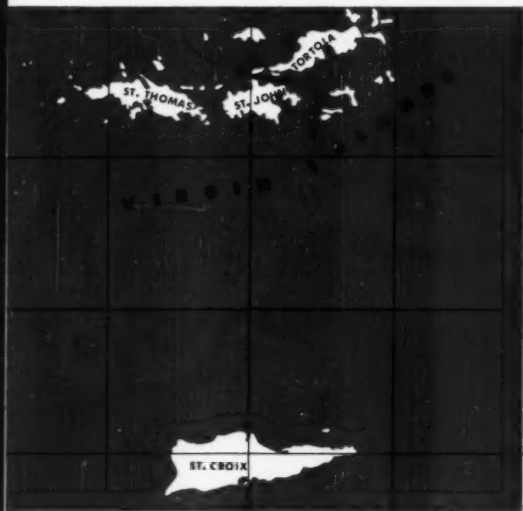
Virgin Islanders value liberty. Last summer, their

\* Copyright 1951 by Lew Arthur

legislative assembly, mindful of certain practices of segregation introduced by the tourist trade, passed the strongest social-rights measure under the U.S. flag. The law specifically prohibits "discrimination in any form . . . whether practiced directly or indirectly or by subterfuge in any and all places of public accommodation, resort, or amusement," and imposes a ninety-day jail term or a five-hundred-dollar fine or both on violators.

Politically, the Virgins are a fully organized possession of the United States with a marked degree of self-rule. The United Nations lists them, along with Greenland and Alaska, as one of the non-self-governing territories of the world. Yet, in certain ways, they enjoy more autonomy within the Federal system than some of the United States themselves.

Islanders practice a form of democracy that is becoming increasingly typical of the Caribbean area.



Although President Truman appointed the present governor, Morris F. de Castro, the territory elects its other representatives through universal suffrage. When St. Thomas councilmen were dissatisfied with a recent government order, they called a public meeting in the Charlotte Amalie market square. The community turned out *en masse*, and the elected legislators gave their report to the people between selections played by a local band.

De Castro, incidentally, of Portuguese-Jewish descent, is the first native governor of the islands. Forty-nine, tall, and modest, he began his public career as an office boy and is popular with the islanders. When he held open house on the occasion of his inauguration, it was no stuffy affair. Market women, cane workers, cab drivers, French-American natives, and most of the other inhabitants of this Caribbean melting-pot came up to shake him by the hand and greet him by his first name.

I asked Lady Williams, a seventy-two-year-old native

spice vendor, why she diligently attended all the meetings of the legislative assembly. "I want to know what my government is up to," she said. "Under Danish rule there was lots of talk about liberty, but now we really have it."

It is interesting to note that although the Virgin Islands were overlooked by the Selective Service Act of World War II, islanders campaigned so vigorously that Congress was obliged to extend the Act to include them.

There are no immigration restrictions between the territory and the mainland. Well-to-do natives go to the States for higher education. Others emigrate. There are almost as many St. Thomians in New York City (approximately twelve thousand) as there are today on the island of St. Thomas (1950 population: 13,811).

Charlotte Amalie is a town of pastel-roofed houses perilously perched on a series of narrow lanes rising abruptly from the harbor straight into wooded hills.



Cruise ships dock at Charlotte Amalie, capital of St. Thomas and gateway to the Virgins

Local taxicabs speed up the steep inclines in a manner that all but defies the laws of gravity. Worth the risk is the view from the hilltop: a dramatic vista of volcanic masses, islets, and cays pushing green from the blue-green sea.

A picturesque old settlement with open-balconied houses, romanesque-arched shops, and secluded walled gardens, the capital is a colorful architectural blend of U.S., European, and Latin influences. One of the places to see is Fort Christian near the docks, built by the Danes in 1671 and now used as a police court and prison. Made of massive stone and brick overlaid with a rust color aged into beauty by the sun, rain, and wind of three centuries, it is the prototype of other similar old forts found in the islands. Another attraction is *Cha Cha* village, a neighborhood of a few hundred French-

Americans who fish and weave the bright straw products so popular with visitors.

Tourists come in droves. This year, with the arrival of many cruise ships and the opening of two new Miami-type hotels, St. Thomas has become somewhat loud and brassy. Food prices are high. To quote one menu: "All meats are imported from the United States. Ask for our imported New York rye bread." The payoff: "Hot dogs—45 cents."

If you can live on liquor, however, the Virgins are for you. The best rum is ninety cents a bottle; the finest French champagne \$2.50 per quart; and the best Scotch \$3.50 a fifth. To quote another Charlotte Amalie menu:

*Descendant of the religious sect of Cha Chas that migrated to the Virgins from France in 1629*



Another St. Thomas attraction is a Federal District Court which reduces the technicalities of divorce to a minimum. Divorce requirements there are far more liberal than in most states: six weeks' residence and grounds which include "incompatibility of temperament." Much-married Arlene Judge of Hollywood recently came to collect her sixth decree. Curiously enough, however, islanders themselves rarely take their marital troubles to court. They believe in settling such intimate affairs at home.

Despite the islands' growing worldliness, the moral climate of the population still matches more or less their splendid physical health record (natives live to a ripe old age). There is little vice and less gambling in this Caribbean outpost, but there are two sides to the picture.

Hotel owners feel gambling would be good for business. Councilman Gordon, chairman of the Tourist Board, goes along with the idea. "Monday," he stated in a public speech, "the tourist comes here, enjoys the scenery, and takes a bath in the sea. Tuesday, he fishes. Wednesday, he goes to St. John. Thursday, he goes over to San Juan, Puerto Rico, and loses his money at the Caribe Hilton casino, comes back to St. Thomas Friday, and leaves for home on Saturday, broke." Gordon, who would like to



*A cross section of humanity surges through Charlotte Amalie's market*

"The most delicious martinis, manhattans, and daiquiris: 25 cents."

There are, it is true, authenticated cases of alcoholics who have arrived from the mainland to try to survive on a liquid diet. They ended up stone cold dead on a slab in the municipal hospital.

Drinks are priced low because there are no internal revenue taxes on liquor. Neither are there any Federal taxes on luxury items such as Danish, Mexican, and Peruvian silverware, English woolens, Swedish glass and ceramics, Swiss watches, and French perfumes, all of which are sold duty-free as tourist bait.

*Street of steps in St. Thomas rises steeply from the sea. Islands are summits of submerged mountains*



*Abandoned sugar mill in St. Croix dates back three centuries*

see the Virgins receive a larger share of the tourist dollar, claims also that revenues from gambling can help balance the islands' budget.

On the other hand, police director Earle Charles has stated that gambling would cost the territory more in headaches and broken homes. "Gambling ruins any community," he told me. "No benefit can compensate for the way it affects the individual and the increased incidence of crime that goes hand in hand with it."

Governor de Castro balances the issue by stoutly refusing to give official sanction to the pro-gambling elements, though his administration permits a monthly government-controlled lottery for the aid of the local sick, old, and needy. (I won fifty cents on my first try.)

But whatever its attractions, with the tourist boom



*St. John fishermen  
dry their nets in  
the cool trade winds*

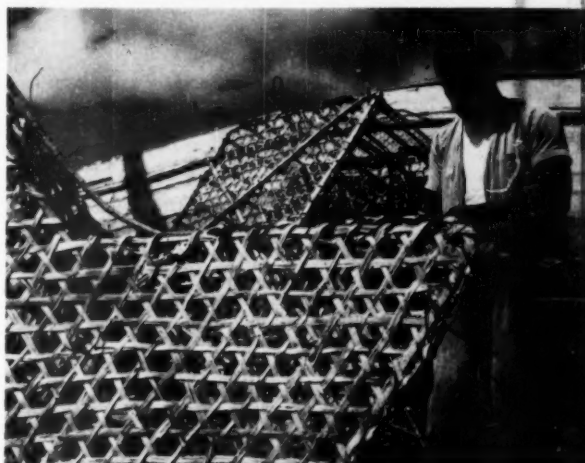
St. Thomas is coming more and more to resemble the outskirts of Miami, and less and less the West Indies. Modernization is the watchword. Air-conditioned bars have sprung up, for example, and restaurants where you can buy frozen oysters. The old Danish telephone poles and public utilities that gave St. Thomas a European flavor are being steadily replaced by modern U.S. equipment. As a result of this encroachment on charm, you may want to catch the morning boat to unspoiled, somnolent St. John, or fly twenty minutes south to St. Croix.

Largest of the islands, St. Croix gives over its eighty-four square miles of mountains and plains mainly to cane-growing, and, until recently, to rum-making. Its cactus- and acacia-covered Mount Washington looks down on the most easterly point owned by the United States. Ancient colonial buildings dot the quiet countryside between its two towns of Christiansted and Frederiksted. Largely in ruin, there are sugar mills—large, round stone towers dating from 1625 that once raised huge sails to capture windpower—and manor houses of a century or two ago when the territory thrived on a plantation economy of sugar, cotton, tobacco, and indigo. Simple, sturdy brick structures, their crumbling stairways and arches speak eloquently of the English, Dutch, French, and Danish colonists who conceived them, and of the grand manner in which they lived. Some were romantically named: *Anna's Hope*, *Wheel of Fortune*, *Little Princess*, *Sally's Fancy*, *Paradise*, *Upper Love*, *Lower Love*, and *Jealousy*.

Today, those estates that have not been reclaimed by the jungles have been restored to glory by wealthy North Americans. Perhaps foremost of the local great houses now is *Annally*, the home of Ward Canaday, board chairman of Willys Overland Motors. A fine pink structure built around an old sugar mill and the ruins of a slave quarter, it has been visited by everyone from President Truman to Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman and Senator Clinton Anderson of New Mexico. It combines the features of a showplace with those of cultivation and cattle breeding, and represents the growing movement in the islands to apply private land purposefully to the needs of the community.

Such a program is of prime importance in the agriculturally neglected Virgins, where much of the territory is owned by only a few men. Practically all of the island of St. John, an area of twenty square miles, is in the hands of three St. Thomian families who allow only 13 per cent of their domain for crop development. Unwilling to sell, the owners likewise are not prepared to put their holdings to maximum use.

On the other hand, a man like Cory Bishop, manager of a St. John truck farm, makes full use of the local average yearly rainfall of forty-six inches. He irrigates his fields by means of an eighty-thousand-gallon reservoir fed by an artesian well and kept constantly filled by force pumps. Leading the water to plant beds by means of gravity, Mr. Bishop, a college-trained midwesterner, is able to ship weekly supplies of tomatoes, carrots, lettuce, and other fresh vegetables to market on St. Thomas and



*Mending the family fish-trap. Placid islanders live humbly, are rich in serenity*

sell them profitably at competitive prices. Demand for such home-grown produce far exceeds the island's present supply.

On St. Croix, Christmas comes twice a year: once on the regular date, and, again, the following day when

*(Continued on page 46)*

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# NICARAGUAN

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# FISH

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## STORY

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*Fresh-water lakes have everything from one-inch cousin of the mosquito fish (top) to half-ton sawfish (center) and fighting tarpons*

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Joaquín Zavala

"NOWHERE ON EARTH, I think, will the angler find better sport than in Nicaragua," the yachtsman William E. Simmons declared when he returned from an expedition there in the 1890's. Indeed, for fishing enthusiasts there are few places more interesting than this region of large lakes, legendary rivers, and mysterious lagoons.

The history of Nicaragua's waters—which was the country's history for four centuries—tells of "a little fish the size of a pin" and of the "colossal swordfish that cost a team of oxen much effort to pull." Caciques, conquistadors, pirates, friars, and merchants spoke boastfully of some "strange fish" they were the first to catch, or of "an alligator with a head seven feet long," or "the shark that swallowed a cow, horns and all," or "a *sábalo* that sank the boat with a blow of its tail."

In a stormy river, good fishing, as the Spanish proverb has it, and in Nicaragua's San Juan River the Vanderbilts and Morgans caught a good part of their fortunes.

With their shipping service there in the time of the California gold rush, they transported more than two thousand passengers a month from the U.S. Atlantic Coast, across Nicaragua, to the U.S. Pacific Coast. Among the advantages the Nicaraguan passage offered over the Panama route in those days before refrigeration were menus listing turtle or crab soup, shrimp cocktail, and fillets of such excellent and varied species as rockfish, pigfish, kingfish, barracuda, redfish, *porgo*, *papagayo*, and *garupa*, all salt-water fish; or the jewfish, sheepshead, little bass, blackfish, drum, sleepy head, and mackerel, of the large rivers; and the *sábalo*, *sabaleta*, catfish, eels, and *guabinas* of the big lakes.

How can one explain the origin of these fish, their distribution in different river basins, and the effects of waterfalls and rapids on the fauna of Nicaragua's lakes and streams? In the U.S. Smithsonian Institution there are a number of specimens of Nicaraguan fish



pickled in alcohol, but ecologists like Eigenmann declare that the student of these materials is in the same situation as an ornithologist asked to classify a collection of plucked birds. When they die, fish lose their brilliant tones. Some, like the *mojarra*, are seen in varying shades, and are apt to change color in mimicry or during the breeding season. It is known that ocean fish can imitate any background. All this complicates the explanation of the miracle of Nicaragua's fisheries.

In some unknown era, the big Lake Nicaragua and Lake Managua, which are connected by the Tipitapa River, were part of the Pacific Ocean. What had been an arm of the sea was cut off by the lava erupted from the volcanoes, leaving unique species of fish trapped within. The water, which has risen to a present level of 103 feet above sea level, sought an outlet through the slopes on the Atlantic side, creating a river, the San Juan, which has been suggested as the starting point for an inter-ocean canal route.

The waters of other streams coming down from the mountain ranges gradually sweetened the newly formed lake, until it became what is called *Cocibolca* in the *mangue* dialect, or "Fresh-water Sea." Lake Nicaragua became one of the largest in the world and the second largest in Latin America, forming an ellipse one hundred miles long with a maximum width of forty-three miles, covering an area of 3,089 square miles, dotted with more than a thousand islands, if we include the lava reefs of the "islets" near Granada. Alongside some of the volcanic islands, whose peaks afford a view of both oceans, the lake reaches a depth of two hundred feet or more. Out there behind the peaks the wind may blow from any direction. The water, generally driven from the north-east, can mount into such furious waves in a matter of

*This prize monster was caught at San Juan del Sur on Nicaragua's Pacific coast*



ten minutes that a French engineer working for Nicaragua on canal plans, Félix Belly, said of it that "few seas can compare with it in violence and treachery."

Along the western shore of the lake the undertow is very strong, tornadoes are frequent, and it is very rarely calm. The quality of calm appears to be confined exclusively to the barren, hot, and sandy shores. During the day the brilliance of a sunlight that seems to fall in grains of sand almost blinds you, while at night those beaches glow with thousands and thousands of twinkling little lights, like a bird's-eye view of a great metropolis—the metropolis of the crocodiles who sleep with their eyes open!

In contrast to Lake Nicaragua, Lake Managua is only one third as large, its shores are rocky, and the water



*Volcanoes shut huge Lake Nicaragua off from the sea, studded it with lava-rock islets near Granada*

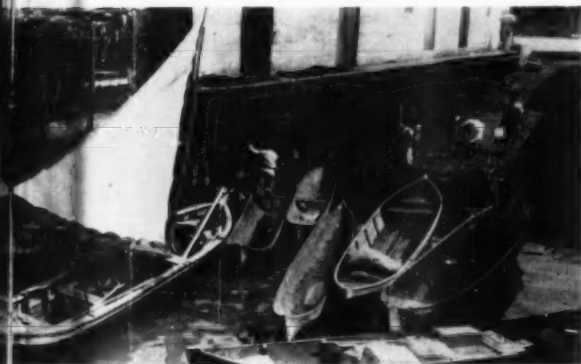
reddish. E. G. Squier, Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to the Republics of Central America in 1849, wrote of this scene at Lake Managua: "Two men, up to their arm-pits in the water, were throwing a cast-net near the rocks, while a third trailed after him what appeared to be a long branch of the palm tree, but which was a cord, whereon the fishes were strung. He towed it ashore, at our request, and showed us some hundreds of beautiful fish, most of them of a species resembling our rock-bass, and about the size of a small shad. I asked the price—ten for a *medio*, or sixpence! We declined purchasing, whereupon he offered ten for a *cuartillo*, equal to three cents. I then told him we did not wish to buy, but that there was a *real* to drink to the health of los americanos."

Elsewhere in the same book (*Nicaragua: Its People, Scenery, Monuments, and the Proposed Interoceanic Canal*), Squier tells how, at Managua, "at one point bushes were planted in the lake, like fish weirs, between which women were stationed with little scoop-nets, where-with they ladled out myriads of little silvery fishes, from the size of a large needle to that of a shrimp, which they

threw into kettle-shaped holes, scooped in the sand, where in the evening light, leaping up in their dying throes, they looked like a simmering mass of molten silver. These little fishes are called *sardinas* by the natives, and are cooked in omelets, constituting a very excellent dish, and one which I never failed to order whenever I visited Managua."

These "sardines" (*Melanis sardinia*) are abundant not only in Lake Managua but also in the northern part of Lake Nicaragua and in certain smaller lakes. They spawn in the month of March, laying their eggs in shady, shallow places. From time immemorial, at this season they have gone into the thickets placed by the Indians to catch them, as Squier related.

The Tipitapa River runs south out of Lake Managua, emptying into Lake Nicaragua after a course of nineteen miles. On its western side it stretches out into a vast marsh composed of two principal estuaries named *Tisma* and *Jenicero*. In this part the water is only three or four feet deep, with a similar depth of mud below, inhabited by many alligators. Along the river lie fertile pastures. But the cattlemen there worry lest the alligators grab the cows by the nose when they confidently go to take water. The Tipitapa fish, which are for sale in the little village of the same name, are in great demand, and the Nicaraguan Tourist Bureau highly recommends them to visitors.



Fishermen's dugout canoes, or bongos, line waterfront at San Carlos on the big lake

Not far from Granada, at the foot of a hill called Mombacho, there is another lagoon separated from the southern part of Lake Nicaragua by a short plain. This lagoon is very similar to the Tisma estuary. Oviedo, the first chronicler of the New World, related that when the water in it is high in the rainy season, "it is full of innumerable fish and large alligators, or we might better say crocodiles; and when the rains stop and the dry time comes, this beach drain dries up, and the road becomes firm, and I passed that way on dry land. And when it is dry like this the Indians kill many alligators and fish with sticks; but some water always remains in parts of it, and innumerable puddles. The time that I saw it was at the end of July in the year 1539, and it held little water.



Sábalo real, or tarpon, roams from Lake Nicaragua and San Juan River to Miami. This one should have stayed home

A man named Avilés who was there had many pigs of his and Diego de Moran's, with which they provided meat for the city of Granada; and as they ate an infinite number of fish from that pool, they became very fat, and because they had a taste and even smell of fish, they were abhorrent, and for this reason he kept them away from the water and let them go into it only to drink."

Today, in hunting alligators, the Nicaraguan Indian does not wait for the conditions described by Oviedo. He often does battle with them, face to face, in the beasts' own element, armed with a little stick of wood, about seven inches long, well sharpened at both ends. The hunter goes into the water. He closes in on the alligator and waits until it comes at him with its jaws open, shoves the stick upright into its mouth to lock its jaws open, and stabs it in the stomach to let it drown in its own blood.

The really extraordinary small lakes are found on the Pacific side of the country, in the neighborhood of the great lakes. The most important of these mysterious lagoons are Tiscapa, Nejapa, and Asososca, just behind the city of Managua; Jiloá, further north; and Apoyo and Nindirí between the cities of Granada and Masaya. Almost all are of volcanic origin, the result of tremendous quakes that sank the land, or occupying the craters of extinct volcanoes. Measuring from two to four miles around, closed in by almost perpendicular cliffs of solid black rock, these ponds are accessible only on one side, by paths used from ancient times by the Indians, who made them sacred places.

Around Nejapa Lagoon they still speak of imaginary

perils, of whirlpools that form in it and suck under anyone who enters the water, of a temple excavated in the rocks, flush with the water, where the natives used to make their sacrifices to the divinities who ruled over fire and the mountain streams. Not a single fish lives in its alkaline, almost entombed waters.

Of the lagoon of Nindirí, near Masaya, the same Oviedo related, "It is so deep they have not discovered its bottom, nor are there any fish in it of any kind, except some as thin as a little needle, which, since they are so small, can best be eaten in omelets. I asked the Cacique why they did not stock the lake with some good fish, and he replied they had tried this, so that the fish would multiply and they would have food, and that the fish soon died and stank, and they rose to the surface of the water, and even polluted it, and therefore, as something they had thoroughly tried, they do not continue with it."

Finally, the old chronicler referred to two other lakes: "Going from the town they call Managua, at a distance of one shot of a crossbow, there is another very pretty and square that looks like a reservoir and is partly surrounded by high hills and split rock, in a very pretty setting, and has many good fish. . . . There is another in the province, which is called Diríá and is bigger than the one called Nindirí: this one has water as salty as the

sea itself and has many fish and very good ones, which are better and tastier than all the other fishes of all the other fresh-water lakes we have mentioned."

How did these lakes, so hermetically sealed off that they have attracted the attention of explorers for more than four hundred years, become populated with fish? "¿Quién sabe!" Squier answers, in Spanish.

In the great lakes, with the gradual change of natural conditions over the centuries, the marine fish not only were acclimated to fresh water but developed extraordinarily in considerable variety and many sizes. Julius Froebel found six species not previously described in Lake Nicaragua, among them the *mojarra* and *guapote*, and also encountered the shark, the swordfish and the sawfish, although their structure was intended for life in salt water. The German author reported as follows: "At one place the lake was so full of fish that a boy in a single throw of his net caught enough for the dinner of the whole family. The fishes belonged to the two species called *Mojarra* and *Guapote*, which are always to be bought in the market of Granada. I sent these two and four other species of fishes from the Lake of Nicaragua to my friend, Professor Agassiz, and they all proved to be hitherto undescribed, representing six new species and two new genera."

The *mojarra* and the *guapote* belong to the Cichlid family, which is represented in the United States by the familiar fresh-water sunfish. The *mojarra contara* (*Cichlasoma citrinellum*) is abundant in the great lakes and in Lake Tiscapa. It is the most variable of all the species in these lakes, but the varieties do not show constant tangible characteristics to permit classification into sub-species.

The *guapotes* are in the same branch of the *Cichlasoma* genus as the *mojarra*, and include several species. One, the dark, mottled *managuense* species, is found abundantly not only in Lake Nicaragua but also in the muddy, warm waters (83°) of Tisma Pond. Even there its flesh is firm, white, flaky, and tasty.

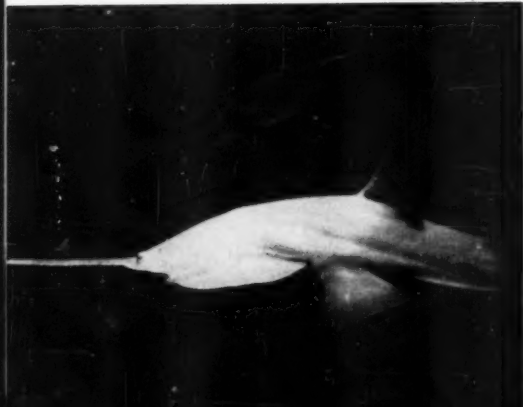
Seth Eugene Meek of the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago, in describing these species, said of *C. managuense*: "The vitality of these fishes is remarkable. Those in the market are often found to be living after they have been taken from the water for some time. I purchased two of these fishes in the market at Granada one morning, carried them to the hotel, and left them while eating my breakfast and for half an hour afterwards. I then put them in water, and in a short time they were as lively as ever. This species is certainly worthy of the attention of fish culturists. It grows to a length of about five hundred millimeters. In shape it resembles our black bass. It is, however, a thicker fish."

Meek's *Synopsis of the Fishes of the Great Lakes of Nicaragua*, based on a collection he made on the spot in 1906, was published the following year by the Field Museum, and the Nicaraguan Government later had a Spanish translation made of it. With its keys and descriptions, it is easy to identify all the species in these lakes.

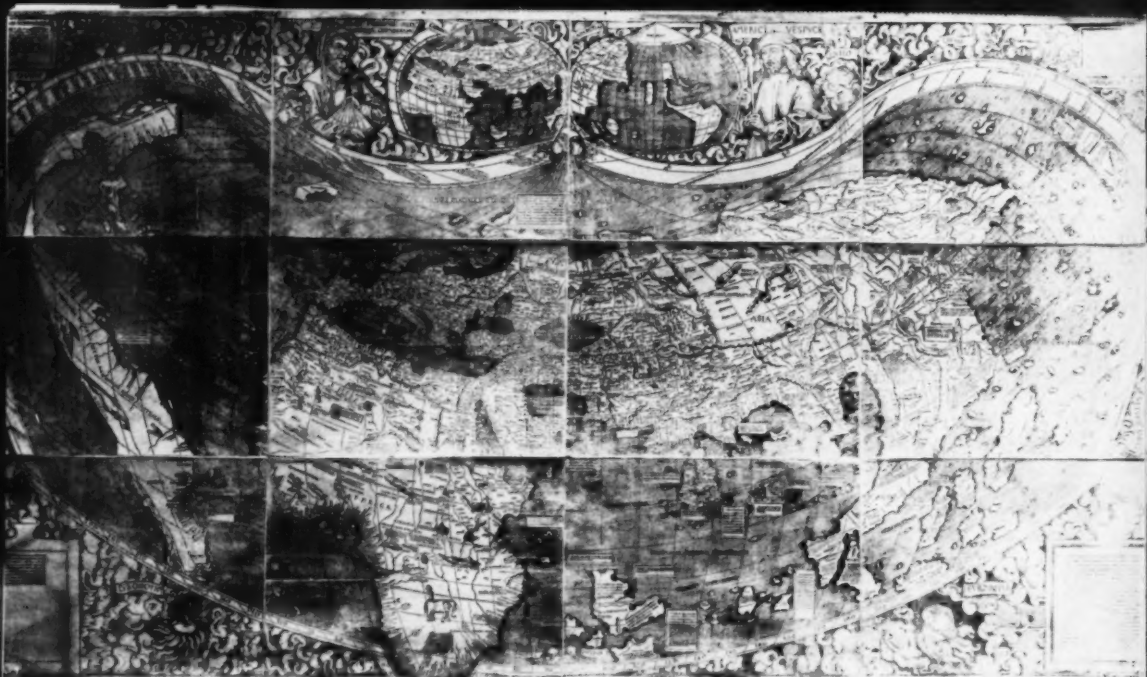
(Continued on page 42)



The fish country runs from Lake Managua (upper left of chart) through Lake Nicaragua (center) and San Juan River to Caribbean



Weird sawfish of Lake Nicaragua and the ocean sports under water at Marineland, Florida 15



World map drawn by Martin Waldseemüller to illustrate *Cosmographiae Introductio* pictures Ptolemy (left) and Vespucci. Below: Detail shows oddly shaped New World, labeled "America"



# America's French Godmother

Mario de la Viña

A mountain village holds the secret  
of why we are not all Colombians



IN EASTERN FRANCE, Burgundy, the Jura Mountains, and the Vosges form an admirable triangle of landscape. From the pleasant hills painted with the parallel greens of vines in the countryside where Talleyrand and Lamartine were born, one goes on to the land of Victor Hugo, Courbet, and Pasteur, peaceful with lakes and violent with the last spurs of the Alps. Then one mounts to the freshly groomed pine forests surrounding Nancy and Epinal and looking at their reflections in a river that farther west passes through the Lorraine plateau village with the musical name of Domrémy, which beheld the miracle of Joan of Arc. Three wines define the character of the people of these regions: Pomard, gaiety; Arbois, affability; and Moselle, congeniality.

Our present business takes us to the Vosges Mountains, rich with their silver trout and anise bread—to a tiny town near the battlefields where René II dispersed the armies of Charles the Bold. Here in the village called Saint-Dié the name "America" was printed for the first time in history, fifteen years after Columbus set foot on the island of Guanahani. Because of a rare book that appeared on April 25, 1507, Saint-Dié is in a sense the baptismal font of the New World.

At the dawn of the sixteenth century Saint-Dié must have been a small market town to which neighborhood

Gaultier Lud brought out the *Grammatica Figurata*. Then he undertook to publish in Latin Ptolemy's *Cosmography*, adding to the work of the Alexandrian astronomer and geographer an account of the voyages of a Florentine navigator named Amerigo Vespucci who had crossed the ocean four times, the last two under the flag of King Manoel of Portugal.

Did Gaultier Lud know about Christopher Columbus in that stellar moment of history when a new continent was to receive a name? Probably. But in any case a tremendous injustice was to be consummated in a lost town in the Vosges. The documents concerning Vespucci's voyages had been given to Gaultier Lud by an emissary of René II, Duke of Lorraine, who in turn had received them from one of the heirs of Lorenzo de' Medici. And in the edition of the *Cosmographiae Introductio* appears this historic phrase:

"... A fourth part of the world has been discovered by Amerigo Vespucci (as will be seen later). For this reason I see no possible objections to naming it in honor of Amerigo, the perspicacious man who discovered it, and to calling it *Amérie*, that is, land of Amerigo, or, better, America, since it is to women's names that Europe and Asia owe their own."

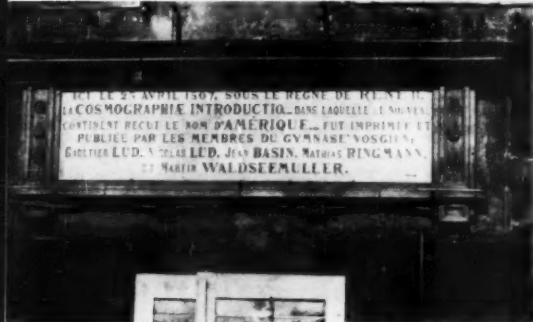
This was in 1507. A year earlier, Columbus had died in ignominy, obscurity, and poverty.

Another member of the *Gymnase Vosgien* was a cartographer named Martin Waldseemüller, who drew the map that illustrates the *Cosmographiae Introductio*. A reproduction of this map and an enlargement of one detail of greatest interest to the American reader appears on these pages. Ptolemy and Amerigo Vespucci preside over it. The name of India is written in its proper geographical place, bordering China on the south. The Indian Ocean already has its name. The Atlantic, still confined to the region of the fabulous Atlantes, is called, farther west, the Western Ocean. And, finally, the name "America" appears for the first time.

The whole central and southern part of the New World are under the mandate of the King of Castile. The lions-and-towers banner extends as far as the border of the *Terra ultra incognita*. The islands of Spagnolla and Isabella seem already to be offering their youth to the Old World. And, almost imperceptible in the vastness, the island of Guanahani preserves on its shores the creative imprint of Columbus' footsteps.

But something more remains to be said about that pretty little French town hidden among the hills leading to the heroic Rhine—something truly extraordinary and almost incredible in view of the foregoing. It is known that the idea of reaching India by going west instead of following the route of Marco Polo was suggested to Columbus by a well-thumbed book, *Imago Mundi* by Pierre d'Ailly, which, with its precious marginal notes in the handwriting of the great navigator—who always kept it by him—is reverently preserved in a crystal urn at the Library of Seville. Well, that same Pierre d'Ailly died in Saint-Dié in 1420.

What better claims than these could any village in the world have for the title of "Godmother of America"?



Plaque on building in which *Cosmographiae Introductio* was published in 1507 commemorates baptism of America

villagers came once a week to sell vegetables and poultry. Now and then a troupe of actors would pass through the region, and a Miracle of Our Lady or a Passion Play would be performed in the main square of the town. Afterward, tranquillity would again descend around the pointed church steeple with its bell and stork's nest.

Saint-Dié seemed destined to go on living unknown and happy on a hillside in the Vosges. But there lived in the town a rich and curious man who had dedicated his life to study and meditation, and who by his decision was to link forever the name of Saint-Dié with that of a whole continent. This man was Gaultier Lud.

The invention of the printing press in the neighboring city of Strasbourg awakened in his mind the idea of diffusing and perpetuating the results of his scholarly meditations. Thus he began his activities as a printer, collaborating with a local learned society of which he was the moving spirit—the *Gymnase Vosgien*. First





*Diorama of the Dance of the Virjitos (Little Old Men) from the villages around Lake Patzcuaro in the State of Michoacán. The masks and hats are of Indian origin, while the embroidered*

*trousers, the stout shoes, and the jaranas or little guitars, are Spanish. The energetic steps contrast sharply with the air of weariness and senility assumed by the youthful dancers*

# FOLKLORE in WAX

*The Dance of the Paragüeros hails from the State of Tlaxcala. The central theme is a contest to see who can knock down the rooster. The dancers display grace and agility as they try*

*to dodge one another's whips. Music and costumes have both Indian and Spanish elements. Note the embroidered mantles and the umbrella-shaped headdresses for which the dance is named*



**Carmen C. de Antúnez**

INTERPRETING IN WAX the works of nature, especially the human figure, is a highly realistic technique. The plasticity of the material and its property of assimilating varied and delicate colors give it unique advantages. In wax we found the ideal medium for reproducing anthropological types and for capturing minute details of the vegetation and landscape in different sections of the country.

Our purpose in this work is simply to perpetuate the ancient traditions and ancestral customs that advancing civilization has been gradually obliterating. We try to record faithfully vivid village scenes, proud and humble native types, and fantastic costumes.

The dioramas of native Mexican dances required long years of preparation. Careful study of many dances was essential, as well as absolute mastery of the different elements that make up the groups. From the time a given dance is selected to its final portrayal in small wax

### **Mexican sculptress preserves Indian traditions in lifelike dioramas**

figures, we have to cope with an incredible number of details, manual tasks, and difficulties. For the Indian, although basically fine and intelligent, is deeply suspicious. It is hard to win his friendship and even harder to make him understand what we are about. This is our highest single problem.

We start by going to the place where the dance originated. Often it takes some rugged traveling to reach remote villages, like those in the state of Nayarit, which even today are populated by pure-blooded Indian groups governed by their own laws. But geographic and climatic hardships are unimportant. We want to see the dance, which is usually performed most elaborately on the feast day of the village patron saint, or on other special occasions—when the crops are planted, at the beginning of the rainy season, or at harvest time. We arrive a few days early to make friends, distribute gifts, attend the market, familiarize ourselves with the customs, and pay friendly visits to the mayor, municipal president, or tribal chief.

Then the real troubles begin. The official, busy behind his oxen with his agricultural labors, does not want to see anyone. With patience we eventually succeed in getting an interview. That first conversation establishes some confidence, and he begins to accept us. Generally, he then extends an invitation—which we must accept—to share his humble fare of beans and spicy corn tortillas in a kitchen-bedroom that is sometimes occupied by sick children. Seated on his modest floor mats, we are cordially toasted. We appeal to his patriotism to win his help.

At last the day of the fiesta arrives. By now we know

the dancers and talk freely with them. They let us take photographs. They begin to give us facilities for our work, and our enthusiasm grows. They dance solemnly, liturgically.

This is where the Indian really lets go. His dancing expresses passion, rebellion, religion, tradition, creative genius. The fervent language of profound and secret religious impulses is spoken in the movements of the dance. The Indians appeal to both pagan idols and the Christian God, to the rains, the sun, the flowers. They dance with their hands, arms, legs, feet, their whole bodies responding to the rhythms. Happiness, exorcism and prophecy, ecstasy, magic, even a primitive sense of medical art, are apparent in their dances.

We observe feverishly, taking pictures and many notes. The next day we take advantage of their fiesta mood and the costumes and decorations they have prepared. They dance for us alone. By a previous arrangement, they repeat certain steps and turns several times, and at last we select the scene we will interpret in wax. Meantime, we have also made friends with the musicians who play for the dances; this is important. We interview musicians and dancers individually; we faithfully copy the costumes, the ornaments, the musical instruments, and so on. We take more photographs and notes, and make colored sketches of the countryside. If only the atmosphere were something concrete that we could grasp intact!

We get out our working tools and make rough models, especially of the heads, in mud, clay, or directly in wax. During the dance, the facial expression is transfigured: the Indian at work is one thing; the Indian dancing is another. There are interesting sidelights in making the

*The author at work in a corner of her Mexico City studio*



arrangements—the Indians attach considerable importance to the situation; they grow sorrowful; they impose conditions. People gather round, touch our tools; children surround us. We must consent to everything, drink what they offer us, eat what they give us, and return their invitations generously and promptly.

Meanwhile, the work progresses. We have precise information, and we have rough models. Now it is necessary to persuade one or two Indians to come with us to Mexico City to pose in the various positions of the dance, and to answer any questions that may arise. But they persistently refuse to leave their village. We beg them, we argue with them, and finally they give in if they can bring along their wives, two or three children, and their close friends. Sometimes they change their minds after climbing on the truck or even after hours of travel on horseback or on foot. Then we must wait one or two days more and convince them all over again. When the vehicle finally pulls out we feel as though we are carrying a treasure inside, and hope we won't have to delay another moment on the road.

We are confident that our labors and the days spent in primitive huts amid dogs, pigs, and poultry were not in vain. It is impossible to record all the emotions of the journey and the first days back in the capital. The Indians do not adapt easily. Since they cannot accustom themselves to a new diet, we must provide them with the food they are used to. We put them up in our own home so that we can constantly observe them for our work. Then we make life-size models of them in order to complete the groups with examples of individual anthropological types.

We like to have something very much their own on the figures; generally we use the hairs from their mustaches and beards, inserting them in the wax one by one. It takes a lot of persuasion to get them to a barber-shop. But the barber, who is an enthusiastic admirer of the Indians and the wax figures, helps us by waiting for the opportune moment and removing the precious hairs skillfully so that he can deliver them to us intact.

We work all day, or, when an assistant has been showing the Indians the city during the day, all evening. We take them to the Shrine of Guadalupe and to the movies. They are usually wide-eyed and happy, but sometimes, still mistrustful, they try to escape. We keep a close eye on them lest, being strangers in the city, they come to some harm.

Almost always they stay in our house one or two months, and during this period our patience is sorely tried. They nearly always feel ill (actually, it is homesickness for their people), but they refuse doctors and medicines, being full of superstitions we cannot combat. We live through harried days, for if anything happened in our house, especially to the children, the whole village would hold us responsible. Months and even years after they return, they feel there is a tie between us.

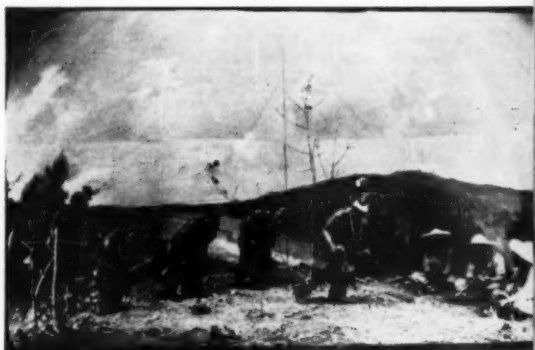
Once when an Otomi Indian named Pascual died of typhus three years after returning to his pueblo, the widow and children came to tell of his death and ask for help. We had made a life-size model of Pascual practicing



*Close-up of wax version of two Viejitos. No effort is spared to make the figures accurate in every detail*



*Life-size head of Tehuana from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Oaxaca*



*Danza del Venado tells story of creative spirit, symbolized by a deer, being killed by coyotes, representing destructive spirits*



*Tarascan man. Sculpture in wax achieves striking realism*



*Otomi scene. At right is Pascual's son, who came to author for help after death of his father*



*In the Danza de la Pluma "caciques" wearing huge headdresses of brightly colored feathers dance before the emperor Moctezuma*



*Author's portrayal of Tarascan girl from Pátzcuaro*



his trade of basket weaving. With Pascual's actual hair and dressed in his clothes, it looked alive. Their surprise when they saw the wax figure was indescribably moving; they laughed and cried, believing it was the man himself who, although he was motionless, had come to life. We were in a serious predicament—there was no way to convince them. The mother left the oldest son, a boy of about twelve, in our care, and we had to keep him in our house for two and a half years to make him realize the figure was only wax and also, incidentally, to ward off reprisals from the village. Periodically, the mother and other relatives came to visit us, and we had to pay their expenses. We taught the boy a little about working with wax, and took advantage of the chance to make a wax model of him, which stands beside his father in an Otomí scene now in the former convent of Actopán in the state of Hidalgo. Finally, convinced and content, he went back to his family. Today we are all good friends.

We work intensely and enthusiastically, without any set hours. Each figure is modeled in its proper position in beeswax that has been treated to help it withstand changes of temperature. First we melt the wax and tint it the color of the Indian's skin; then, while it is still warm, we gradually shape it. Once the proper pose is achieved, the figure is reinforced with wire.

The eyes, a vital part of the facial expression, are of enamel or glass. It is hard to get the figures in just the right place; sometimes the individual ones look all right, but displease us when placed in a group. We adjust them, change the poses, remove the eyes and try to make them correspond better to the over-all rhythm of the models. We touch up the faces, the hands, the skin, with colored wax; and last of all we dress them. We have carefully embellished the clothing with embroidery and other ornaments. Miniature headdresses of vividly dyed feathers are prepared with Indian techniques. There are little palm hats and small sarapes, woven especially by hand; necklaces and other jewelry; tiny wooden violins and guitars. We take great pains with the folds of the fabrics and the position of the instruments in the musicians' hands. We place the figures on the diorama or stage, which is about eight feet wide, six and a half feet high, and six and a half feet deep (the diorama figures are from twenty to twenty-three inches tall). The platform is shaped like a half dome, with a landscape of the region painted on the inside—the same landscape that served as a backdrop for the original dance. As there are no corners, an excellent feeling of perspective is achieved. To both foreground and background we add bits of earth, little stones, artificial plants and cactus, and powdered pigments to indicate green or dry pastures. The lighting, a vital element, we entrust to an electrician.

In the end we have produced a diorama of a native Mexican dance, which is like a live document that surprised the dancers in action, caught their poses, their rhythms, the atmosphere, the very essence of their purpose. It is full of color and truth, because in making it we did not have to invent or falsify; we simply captured with affection the genuine beauty of the scene.

# 4 centuries of learning

**National University of Mexico  
celebrates its anniversary**

**Rafael Heliodoro Valle**

"AND WE, esteeming the benefit that will follow from it in all that land, have thought it well and have ordered that from our Royal Treasury a thousand gold pesos in a certain form be given each year; therefore, by these presents we consider it well and it is our pleasure and will that in the said city of Mexico there can and shall be the said school and University, which shall have and enjoy the privileges and liberties and exemptions that the school and University of the said city of Salamanca have and enjoy."

On the twenty-first of September 1551, Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire (Charles I of Spain) signed this royal decree authorizing the establishment of the Royal and Pontifical University of Mexico in what was then called Tenochtitlán—Mexico City, in New Spain. The viceroy then was the civilizer and humanist Antonio de Mendoza, who, along with Bishop Juan de Zumárraga, one of the renowned figures in the history of culture in America, had taken the first steps toward providing a university. But the original idea of a center of higher studies in New Spain had already been outlined in 1547, in Hernán Cortés' will.

Viceroy Mendoza endowed it with several haciendas, but its true riches became evident when it opened on June 13, 1553, under the rectorship of Antonio Rodríguez de Quesada. A month later the first convocation was held. Its first classes were in theology, sacred writings, canon law, civil law, arts (that is, letters), rhetoric, and gram-



*The past and the future. Ancient medical-school building (above) was once an Inquisition prison*

*Below: In new University City, Juan O'Gorman mural ornaments tennis court; skyscraper houses science school*





mar. Among the professors were three high-ranking European scholars—Alonso de la Veracruz, who had been a disciple of Fray Luis de León; Francisco Cervantes de Salazar, a disciple of Luis Vives; and Juan Negrete, Master of Arts from the University of Paris. The university adopted a coat of arms bearing two lions and two castles. Until 1645, when the visiting bishop Juan de Palafox y Mendoza gave it a new one, it was governed by the constitutions of the universities of Salamanca and Lima.

During the turbulent nineteenth century, the university was buffeted by the prevailing instability of all institutions in Mexico. Abolished in 1833, it was re-established by President Santa Anna the following year; closed by President Comonfort in 1857; reopened by President Suloaga in 1858; and closed again by Emperor Maximilian on November 30, 1865. This time it remained shuttered until, by decree of President Díaz, it was reopened by Justo Sierra, Minister of Public Education and Fine Arts, on September 22, 1910. President Portes Gil granted it autonomy in 1929. Through its halls have passed as students or professors many eminent Mexicans, from the Golden Age playwright Juan Ruiz de Alarcón to Antonio Caso and poet Ramón López Velarde.

The celebrations in honor of the four-hundred-year-old university—twin sister of San Marcos in Lima, which the same monarch had authorized a few months earlier, on May 12, 1551—took place amid unusual splendor, in the presence of representatives of eighty universities of various countries. There were scholars from as far away as India and Egypt, from the Universities of Salamanca (its godmother when it was reopened by Justo Sierra in 1910), Paris, and Stanford, its other two mentors.

The anniversary dawned with the singing of the *Mañanitas* by the employees at about five o'clock in the morning, followed by the ringing of all the bells in the neighborhood and the raising of the tricolored flag over the university buildings. Afterward, the Inter-American Cultural Council added its tribute, receiving Luis Garrido, rector of the university, and the University Council.

The same morning teachers and students, visiting diplomats, scientists, and artists gathered in the central patio of the faculty of philosophy and letters to pay homage to Fray Alonso de la Veracruz, one of the founding professors. Besides holding the chair of sacred writings, Fray Alonso was the first man to teach Aristotle on this continent, and the founder of the first library on Mexican soil. Fifteen university rectors and seventy-four doctors from various universities were present, and the heraldic colors of caps and gowns made a sight worth seeing.

Speaking in Latin, the Mexican jurist and philosopher Antonio Gómez Robledo noted: "Although distant in time from our illustrious founders, we have many things in common with them: buildings, porticos, halls, cloisters, streets in this very city—so beautiful even then and so appropriate to intellectual activity, with its subtle air and its pleasant style. . . .

"Today, moreover, we are using the same language



Samuel Waxman,  
Boston University, U.S.A.



Abraham Halevy,  
Hebrew University, Israel



Carlos Martínez D., president,  
Union of Latin American  
Universities



Octavio Méndez Pereira,  
University of Panama



Samuel Guy Inman,  
University of Texas, U.S.A.



W. Martins Ferreira,  
University of São Paulo, Brazil



Mohammed Mahjous Bey,  
University of Alexandria, Egypt

Some of foreign university dignitaries attending celebration

used by our forebears each year at the beginning of the term and each day in the teaching of the disciplines. We are using it to honor the fact that Latin was the conduit through which that mass of knowledge and values making up Greco-Latin culture flowed to all the peoples of the West and to those of these West Indies, to form a single body of political, juridical, and religious thinking for all of them."

The director of the faculty of philosophy and letters, Samuel Ramos, praised the teachers whose efforts enabled the university to open in 1553. "We must also honor here," he said, "the memory of Justo Sierra, whose merit lies not only in having given it back its name but in having created the new university with a clear consciousness of what it must be to meet the needs of contemporary culture."

That night Mexican President Miguel Alemán presided over a commemorative program at which a number of honorary degrees were conferred. Earlier, the working session of the Scientific Investigation Council of the Union of Latin American Universities—founded that morning—had taken place, and the universities had presented a plaque honoring Justo Sierra, of whom Octavio Méndez Pereira, rector of the University of Panama, said: "For me, he achieves his greatest dimensions as a teacher with his great power of intuition, and as a Mexican with his great feeling for humanity."

(Continued on page 44)



*Kenaf seeds, potential source of economic wealth*

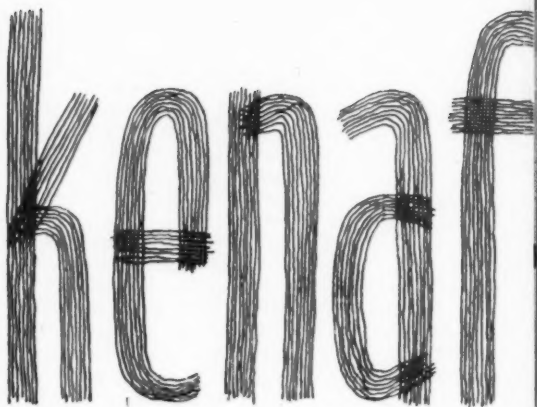
#### **Mary and Fred del Villar**

A WEEDY-LOOKING hibiscus plant with yellow flowers and a strange name—kenaf—is blossoming today on Cuban plantations where for centuries past only the lofty tassel of the sugar cane could be seen. Everybody in Cuba, *hacendado* and field worker alike, is watching the new harvest ripen with as much excitement as though it were pure gold. Maybe it is: for the long stalk contains a fiber that may eventually replace jute for the weaving of burlap, rope, and twine and, according to its promoters, for a thousand and one other uses.

Kenaf has long been known in the Far East (the name is Persian), but while there was jute enough in the Indian subcontinent for all the burlap in the world, no one bothered very much with other fibers. However, early in World War II—in 1941—the plan to make the Western Hemisphere independent of Indian burlap supplies began when the Board of Economic Warfare distributed the first kenaf seeds throughout the American tropics.

Kenaf never got beyond the experimental stage during the war, but, unlike many other wartime projects, it was not abandoned when the last shot was fired. Cubans, who had grown kenaf successfully on a small scale, began to dream in terms of a new crop that some day might be almost as important as sugar and that would provide Cuba with the millions of bags required for its shipment all over the world. Cuban kenaf enthusiasts found United States government circles ready and willing to extend assistance.

Economic and political strife between India and Pakistan had sent the price of jute sky high, a situation in itself favorable to the development of a substitute; but, more important, the possibility of a conflict in the Pacific made it essential to assure the supply of burlap, of sacking for sugar, coffee, cocoa, and grains, for



#### **Experiments with new crop in Cuba promise valuable fiber source**

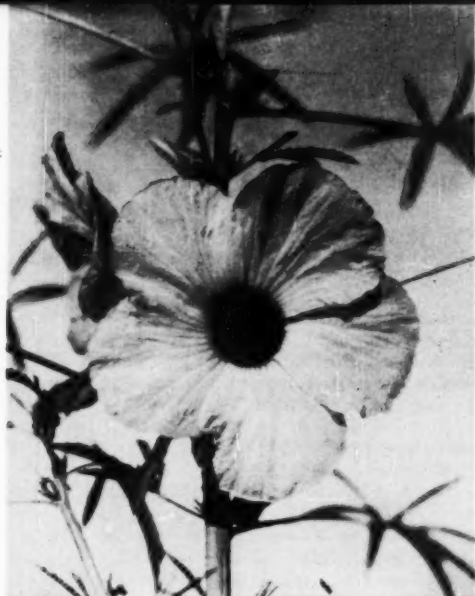


*Trial seed-production planting is part of the kenaf program undertaken by Cuban and U.S. agriculturists in the tropics*

potatoes, onions, feed, and coal. Without it, the Hemisphere's supply lines could be seriously crippled.

Cooperation between the Departments of Agriculture of the United States and Cuba, initiated during the war, expanded into a permanent joint commission on kenaf—the "Cooperative Fiber Commission"—under the leadership of Joseph E. Walker, an Oklahoma fiber expert. The Cuban Government provided facilities at its agricultural experiment station, including fields, machinery, labor, and laboratories, while the United States paid the salaries and expenses of the U.S. technicians who worked under Walker. Last June more help came in the form of a Point Four grant. Plantation owners enthusiastically devoted money, land, and labor to the experiment, and those who did not get on the bandwagon early are kicking themselves today, for kenaf seed is hard to come by.

In fact, although this year's planting is expected to



*Yellow flower of the hibiscus plant that may replace jute*

yield some three and a half million pounds of seed, the whole crop under existing contracts will be bought by the United States Commodity Credit Corporation, at what is generally considered a "very generous" price of sixty cents a pound. The C.C.C. will then resell it, not only in Cuba but in any area where it seems likely to succeed. Some Cuban planters, fearing that this arrangement might be prejudicial to their own as well as to Cuba's national interests, demanded that the Cuban Government prohibit the export of kenaf seed, but their request was turned down, since from the start the project has been a joint U.S.-Cuban enterprise. As it is, kenaf experts estimate that it will take several years to fill all the requirements for seed, and not until then will fiber production get under way on a large scale.

The relatively small amount of fiber produced thus far has been used mostly for experimentation. In order to test its usefulness for sacking, a sample lot of one thousand sugar bags was manufactured, filled with raw sugar, shipped to the United States, emptied, and reused. The bags weathered the test just as well as jute and perhaps a little better, since kenaf has a slightly higher tensile strength. In addition, burlap made from kenaf is blonder in color than jute and thus can be more effectively printed with labels and advertising matter.

The new fiber has been successfully grown not only in Cuba but in Florida as well; also in El Salvador, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Argentina, Brazil, and Peru and, less successfully, in Mexico. But in general these countries are postponing major investments in kenaf growing until the success of the Cuban enterprise is fully demonstrated.

One thorny problem still remains to be solved before kenaf can take its place as a new money maker for tropical America: that is, finding a quick and economical way to get the long, white fibers out of the stalk, or, in

technical parlance, to "decorticate" it. In India the time-honored way of freeing the fiber of jute or kenaf is to "ret" it, that is, to soak the stalks in water until they decompose, but this is a lengthy process that requires a lot of particularly messy, and costly, labor. At present Cuban wage scales, fiber produced by retting would be much too expensive to compete on the open market in normal times with the Far Eastern jute obtained with cheap Indian or Pakistani labor. What kenaf growers are looking for is a processing machine into which they can feed kenaf stalks at one end, with the finished fiber coming out at the other end. Cuban growers have tried various machines now on the market designed for the decortication of other fibers—such as henequen and ramie—but at last reports the perfect machine had not been found. According to recent news dispatches, however, a machine has been turned out by a German manufacturer which might just about fill the bill, and several have been ordered for Cuba. At any rate, kenaf growers

*Kenaf grows fast—one hundred days from planting to maturity. Experiments trace fiber growth percentage, show best harvest time*



*Machinery must be adapted to use kenaf seed. Near Matanzas, a tractor and twelve-row grain drill sow the fiber gold*

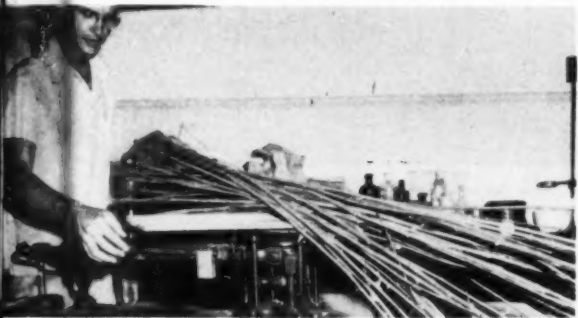




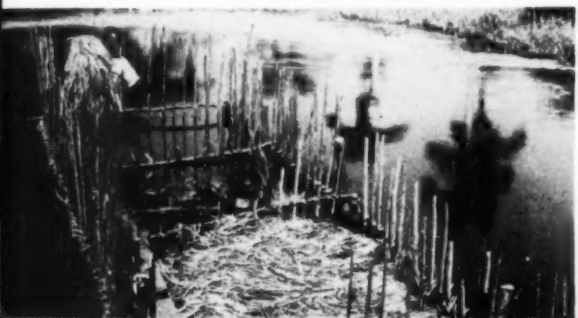
*Harvesting is a job for this modified hemp harvester and binder operated by agriculturists near Aguacate, Cuba*



*A special harvester cut and tied these ten-foot, hundred-day-old kenaf stalks for transport to a decortivating plant*



*As part of studies to determine effect of planting time and spacing on crop yield, bare kenaf stalks are weighed by technician*



*Retting process decomposes gummy sap of kenaf, frees the precious fiber at these stalls in tropical river bayou*

are convinced that it is only a matter of time before some inventor hits on the right thing.

How big a part kenaf may play in Cuba's agricultural economy will depend somewhat on the type of decorticator evolved. If it turns out to be a costly machine, it might jeopardize the small farmers' share in the enterprise—unless, of course, they grow it and let the big planters or a cooperative decorticate it.

Apart from the decortivating problem, kenaf appears to be the ideal soft-fiber crop for this hemisphere. It grows so fast that it is ready for harvesting only a hundred days after the seed goes into the ground. The plant is extremely sensitive to light, growing best when the days are longest, and it requires plenty of rain, especially at the start of its growth. This pattern is particularly suited to Cuban agriculture, for, although it takes plenty of fertilizer, growers can raise successive crops of kenaf and sugar cane. So kenaf can be planted at the start of the rainy season after the sugar cane is harvested, providing an income for the "dead season" when Cuban sugar planters frequently have to go to the banks for loans to tide them over until the next sugar crop is sold.

Cuba, like other Latin American countries, has always been plagued by its one-crop economy, for sugar, the island's blessing, can also be its curse. No Cuban is likely to forget what it means to be dependent on one crop when he recalls the early 1930's. At that time the price of Cuban raw sugar delivered in New York fell to about half a cent per pound, and most of the Cuban sugar companies went bankrupt. With this grim lesson in mind, the Cuban Government has been looking for new crops and industries to stabilize the island's economy, but so far none has taken hold to any great extent. Sugar, with its by-products molasses, alcohol, and rum, brings in 89.1 per cent of Cuba's export income today, with tobacco in second place, accounting for 4.7 per cent.

Sugar will always be king of the island's economy and nobody would dream of deposing it, but a flourishing fiber industry would be a valuable "power behind the throne." Kenaf fans see no reason why in a few years' time the new fiber should not shoulder tobacco out of the second place on Cuba's export list. They cite Guatemala as an example of how quickly an experiment can turn into a thriving industry.

During the early days of the war, manila hemp or abacá was introduced into Guatemala in an effort to replace the sources of manila rope lost when the Philippines were overrun by Japan. By 1945, four million pounds of manila fiber were exported to the United States from Guatemala. Five years later this production was more than doubled, with over nine million pounds produced in 1950. In less than ten years manila hemp has become Guatemala's third export, exceeded in value only by coffee and bananas. Cubans are convinced that their kenaf can duplicate this success story.

From the point of view of providing agricultural work, however, kenaf will never equal sugar cane, for while cane requires a great deal of manual labor, kenaf is planted and harvested almost entirely by machinery. At present Cuban wage scales it would not be possible to





Another retting process employing sprinkling instead of immersion is demonstrated at the National Agronomy Center in El Salvador



After removal from retting tank, kenaf fiber is placed in washing basins for rinsing



Next step is to dry the fiber by hanging it on open-air racks where it is exposed to the sun



Sometimes fiber is dried in hot-air machines. Damp hanks of kenaf on moving belt enter device at one end, emerge dry at the other

market the crop at competitive prices on the international market if the work were done by hand. The skilled worker may profit in sugar's dead season by operating a kenaf planter or harvester, and eventually a decorticator, but the field worker will still have to get through the lay-off period as best he can. His profit, kenaf experts say, will come indirectly in the greater stability of the sugar estates that employ him.

But this is only part of the picture. Looking ahead, Cuban planning for kenaf does not stop with the production of fiber. Since an expansion of Western Hemisphere weaving facilities would be needed to make the fiber into burlap and the burlap into bags, why not start a bag manufacturing industry on the island instead of importing bags from India as Cuba does now? These planners point out that the island already has some experience with manufacturing clothing textiles, that there is plenty of capital for investment, not to mention U.S. and other foreign capital, which has always found Cuba an attractive source of profit. If the island set up her own mills to spin the fiber and weave the burlap, they say, she would be assured at the start of all her own sugar business. This in itself would be a big order. Last year, for example, Cuba had to import forty-two million bags for her sugar crop, which at the high price of seventy cents apiece made a total of almost thirty million dollars that Cuba might be paying to her own labor instead of in import bills.

Looking even further ahead, if Cuba outgrows her own bag market, she would be strategically situated to export sacking to the other Latin American countries (which use about three hundred million bags per year), not to mention the United States and Europe.

On the question of starting a spinning industry in Cuba, however, there are two opposite schools of thought. While some people, mostly Cuban, are going overboard about the idea, more cautious Cubans, and especially U.S. interests in Cuba, point out that Cuban manufacture of bags might well injure some established United States interests, which import the fiber and manufacture both burlap and bags. They could retaliate by pressing Congress for protective tariffs. Thus instead of exporting millions of dollars' worth of fiber to the United States, Cuba might find herself stuck with a lot of empty bags and just as empty pocketbooks. Replying to the supporters of industrialization who contend that the manufacture of sugar bags alone could support a considerable spinning industry, the other school of thought argues that such a program would simply tie kenaf to the sugar industry, and thus any depression in sugar would be a mortal blow to the bag makers. Ship out the fiber, they say, and let Uncle Sam worry about the manufacturing end. Then, if the bottom falls out of the sugar market, a thriving fiber trade may still keep Cuba's economy on an even keel. They point out that in 1948 alone the United States imported seven hundred eighty-one million pounds of fiber, at a cost of \$214,000,000, and that if a stable and inexpensive supply were assured, this figure might be doubled and tripled, for many United States

(Continued on page 31)



## A COUNCIL IS BORN

(Continued from page 7)

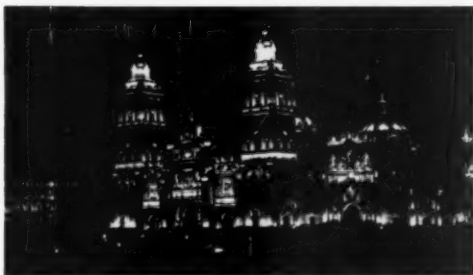
things running smoothly. Such a one was the Pan American Union's Catherine Ryan, responsible for turning out the documents, which, with revisions, ran to a staggering total of three hundred. Ignoring the effects of long working hours at an unaccustomed altitude, which bothered many less hearty participants, she seldom got to bed before three in the morning.

The birth of the new Council was not without labor pains. Disagreement, of course, was inevitable among delegates representing nations that are divided by barriers of geography, language, and traditions. At first, the strain that characterizes any gathering where many are strangers slowed progress alarmingly until it appeared that the meeting could never wind up on schedule. But after the first few days, the tenor changed and the meeting gained momentum. Committees reported out of huddles, and by the September 25 deadline the Council had passed fifty-one resolutions.

From the standpoint of the Organization of American States, those that dealt with the Cultural Council's statutes and regulations held the deepest significance, for with the Mexico City meeting the modernized OAS structure designed by the Charter was complete. From 1890 through the early days of the Western Hemisphere international organization, a modest office in the secretariat was sufficient to handle cultural matters. Now, as a result of enormously expanded activities, the new Cultural

Council, with top-drawer delegates like ministers of education, would lend greater authority, while establishing stronger ties with the various governments.

Since the Cultural Council meets only once every two years, a Committee on Cultural Action will carry on in an advisory capacity during the interval. Mexico was chosen as its headquarters, and its five members, selected on the basis of language areas, will represent Brazil, Haiti, and the United States, with two from the Spanish-speaking countries. Gilberto Freyre, one of the Western Hemisphere's most outstanding social historians, was elected the Brazilian member of the CCA; Puerto Rican born Eugenio Delgado Arias, formerly cultural attaché in Caracas and Lima and director of the State Department's cultural institutes, was chosen as the U.S. member. Haiti will send a distinguished educator, Ulrick Duvivier; Mexico's contribution is lawyer-professor Guillermo



The Cathedral on the night of September 15, when Mexico puts on one of its biggest shows. Delegates attended palace reception, heard the traditional grito, or cry for independence, from balcony, and watched spectacular fireworks in the main plaza

Héctor Rodríguez, who was secretary general of the Cultural Council's meeting; and Uruguay's is its Ambassador to Mexico, Roberto E. MacEachen, lawyer, social scientist, and diplomat.

Some resolutions that came out of the Cultural Council's first session were so ambitious that there is little likelihood of their being carried out very soon. But others were designed either as specific projects or as subsequent stages of programs already under way.

A concrete plan was mapped out, for example, in the social sciences. Technicians in this field are urgently needed to speed up social and economic development in the various countries. So the Council recommended setting up inter-American centers in already existing schools, using their facilities to train young people on scholarship from other countries with parallel problems. Thus a young Peruvian might be sent on an OAS grant to the School of Anthropology in Mexico, a country that, like Peru, has many Indians, to study techniques of dealing with problems of the indigenous population. The OAS Secretary General would make the agreements with schools of recognized standing, stipulating the bases of collaboration and the duration of the program. Selection of students would be up to local institutions of higher education. The training, which would be financed with OAS technical aid funds, would stress field work.



After this had advanced sufficiently, the centers would prepare manuals based on actual experiences, showing the application of theory to specific cases. The manuals would, of course, be available to every country. As soon as a group of technicians had been trained, a series of regional and national seminars would be put in motion to spread the information to wider groups. Meanwhile, the Committee on Cultural Action was directed to study the feasibility of establishing pilot projects in special areas.

As a corollary of this plan, the Council recommended expansion of the Pan American Union's present bulletin on social sciences, which contains only summaries of articles from periodicals, into a full-fledged magazine publishing original articles, book reviews, and bibliographies.

Particularly noteworthy were two resolutions in the field of mathematics, physics, and the natural sciences. One was a pet project of the Mexican physicist Manuel Sandoval Vallarta, who is well known in the United States for his work at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This resolution called on the PAU and the CCA to compile a glossary of scientific terms in the four OAS languages, to avoid the confusion of terminology that now exists, for instance, in electronics. Another called on the Pan American Union to gather scientific material to feed to the press of the American countries. Most newspapers have a literary page—why not a science page?

The recommendations on music dealt separately with



*Illustrations from supplementary readers prepared by PAU Education Division were exhibited at Mexico City meeting*

classical and folk music. To mention only a couple, one envisaged an inter-American music congress to discuss music education at all levels; another urged promotion of regional and continental folklore festivals. In 1953, for example, when Cuba celebrates the centenary of Martí, a festival like this could be a drawing card for tourists, at the same time helping to preserve folklore traditions.

Resolutions about the plastic arts urged lowering of customs barriers to allow the unhampered movement of traveling art exhibits. For some time, the PAU visual arts section has been acting as a liaison office in this connection, arranging with private museums, governments, and transportation companies to make exhibits available to an international public. Thus Argentines recently viewed the work of a leading contemporary Mexican painter, Rufino Tamayo, when the Institute of Modern Art, a private museum, put on a one-man show in Buenos Aires of twenty-two paintings and four lithographs, shipped free of charge by a U.S. transportation line, Moore-McCormack.

Nor were the movies forgotten in the Council's deliberations. Delegates pledged themselves to extend the range of tax-exempt films to include experimental films. The purpose: to encourage the circulation of some remarkable amateur movies filmed in American countries.

The energetic U.S. delegate Dr. Lewis Hanke, former director of the Hispanic Foundation in the Library of Congress and now director of the Institute of Latin American Studies at the University of Texas, championed the cause of libraries as the vehicle *par excellence* of culture. According to one resolution, the PAU's Columbus Memorial Library will prepare a manual of library science in Spanish and Portuguese; another calls on the OAS Secretary General to establish an OAS committee on bibliographies; still another urges the member governments to make books accessible to remote communities through library extension services (traveling collections, inter-library loans, and the like).

Two resolutions dealing with letters support PAU publication of an encyclopedic reference book on His-



panic- and Ibero-American literature and—in cooperation with UNESCO—translations of representative works of American literature. At the moment, UNESCO has started translation into French and English of the novel *Enriquillo*, by Dominican writer Manuel de Jesús Galván.

As a result of the Mexico meeting, a new PAU magazine will appear, probably next year. This will be a quarterly digest of articles from periodicals all over the



Delegates spent weekend at international education center on Lake Pátzcuaro, visited this Indian village on Janitzio Island where teacher trainees do community field work

continent—issued in the language of origin—designed to reflect trends of contemporary thought in the Americas.

A reading of the resolutions on education conjures up a dramatic picture of an entire continent mobilizing to teach its citizens to read and write as well as to better their way of life. This is what the technicians call “fundamental education”—teaching children and adults health protection, scientific agricultural methods, soil conservation, and participation in community life.

A report entitled “The Americas and Illiteracy,” presented by Dr. Guillermo Nannetti, chief of the PAU Division of Education, became a working paper of the education committee, and the Council passed a resolution giving full support to the Division’s program. In sweeping phrases dedicated to the seventy million illiterate adults and the nineteen million children without schools, the Council pledged itself to promote free and compulsory education until every single child of school age in the Hemisphere receives the benefits of education, and to step up literacy drives to wipe out completely the illiteracy scourge. That these need not be idle words is clear from a study of the commitments, which indicate the extent to which the American governments are willing

to make common cause in what Dr. Nannetti likes to call “redemption campaigns.” But the task would not be restricted to governments; the campaigns are enlisting the help of cities, churches, trade unions, private industry, public opinion everywhere. Briefly, the Council’s program embraces these projects:

*An editorial center*, which is already functioning at the Pan American Union, to prepare teaching aids for adults with rudimentary reading ability.

*A regional education center* at Pátzcuaro, Mexico, sponsored by UNESCO and the Organization of American States in cooperation with the Mexican Government. Fifty-five teachers from ten countries are now in training there, doing their community field work among the Tarascan Indians of the region.

*Inter-American education seminars*. So far three have been held—in Caracas, Venezuela, on regional education; in Rio de Janeiro, on illiteracy and adult education; and in Montevideo, on primary education—while a fourth, on vocational education, is scheduled to take place next July.

*Inter-American normal schools*, to train teachers of rural teachers under the technical assistance program. These have not yet been set up, but eight countries have indicated an interest in becoming hosts to the projects.

*Annual statistical questionnaires*. This year’s have already been submitted to every country, and the returns are now rolling in.

In the opinion of PAU Cultural Affairs Director Dr. Lima, the most significant resolution of all called for an inter-American cultural charter, which would in-

Delegates’ view of Mexico City from eighth-floor headquarters in Social Security Building

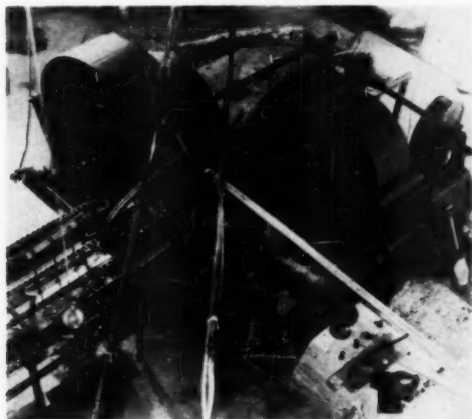


corporate in definitive and permanent form the innumerable cultural principles that are repeated and reaffirmed at one conference after another. With the charter as a point of departure, representatives at future inter-American gatherings will be free to go on from there to concrete, practical projects designed to create an international area of sanity where men are guided by reason and conscience.

## KENAF (Continued from page 27)

farmers and manufacturers who once used burlap have unwillingly abandoned it because of the expense and the lack of assurance that orders could be filled.

This pro-and-con argument about industrialization is a familiar one in Latin America where world market prices for sugar, coffee, cocoa, wheat, and corn do not generally bring in enough to provide a high standard of living for all of the people. Industrialization is the big dream in Cuba, just as it is in Mexico and Brazil. Perhaps it is regarded a little too much as a panacea for all evils, but in a country like Cuba, where the agricultural worker's average yearly wages are about five hundred dollars for less than six months' employment, the thought



One of most practical machines used now for decortication of kenaf stalks is the Krupp "Stella," made in Germany

of factories running all year round and providing plenty of work for all is inevitably appealing.

At any rate, Cuba has plenty of time to decide what to do with her kenaf. First, the problem of decortication must be successfully solved, and next, seed must be provided for the fiber crops. Meanwhile, confident that this new fiber industry will thrive, the agricultural experts are already at work devising uses for kenaf by-products. It has been discovered, for instance, that kenaf seed contains an oil just as useful as cottonseed oil and for identical purposes. Discarded stalks and leaves are already being used for waste and stuffing. And, in addition to burlap, kenaf fiber is excellent for carpet backings, electrical insulation, upholstery, webbing.

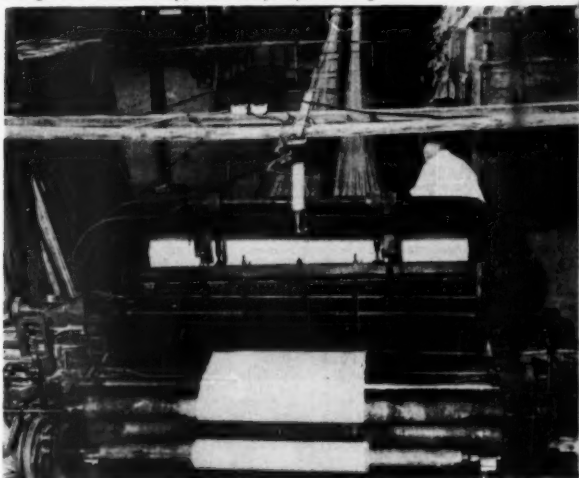
This rosy picture is the reason why kenaf for Cubans is not just another experiment with a funny name, but a dream of better living that may soon materialize.

At the same time, the plant would be a powerful ally in the event of a war. That is why the United States is watching the Cuban experiment so attentively. If it goes well—and so far everything seems to indicate that it will—the chances are that the yellow kenaf flower will become a familiar sight, not only in Cuba but throughout the American tropics.



In this machine, plant stalks pass through crusher, cross beater that pounds out woody center, leaves fibrous ribbons

Below: Kenaf yarn is woven into sacking with higher tensile strength than usual burlap, clearer surface for labeling



### Answers to Quiz on page 45

1. Prospectors (for gold, diamonds, and other valuable minerals)
2. Cocoa beans
3. Buenos Aires
4. Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic
5. Andrés Bello
6. New Jersey
7. Stanford
8. Jewelry of an Araucanian Indian princess of Chile
9. Rigger
10. Banana

# oas

## FOTO FLASHES



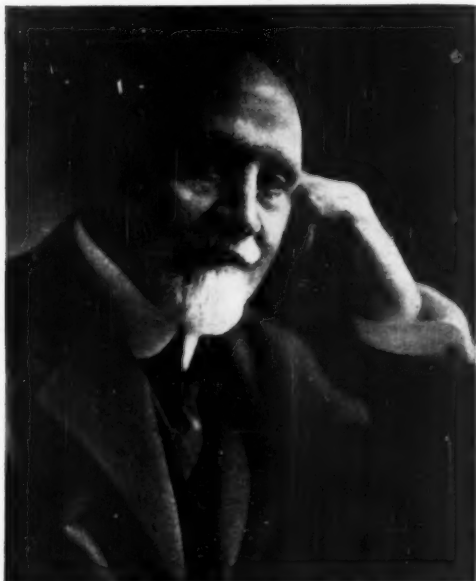
Another important signing took place at the Pan American Union when Guatemala deposited its instrument of ratification of the Convention on the Granting of Civil Rights to Women. By doing so, the Central American republic joined six other nations in guaranteeing the fair sex what amounts to all their legal rights and responsibilities. Witnessing Ambassador Carlos H. Aldana Sandoval's signature are (from left, seated) OAS Assistant Secretary General Dr. William Manger, OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras, and Mr. Alfredo Chocano, Counselor of the Guatemalan Embassy. Standing: Dr. Charles G. Fenwick (left), director of the PAU Department of International Law and Organization, and Mr. Manuel Canyes, of the PAU Division of Legal Affairs.



Vigorous discussion keynoted a recent meeting of the Technical Committee of the PAU's Latin American Bureau for the Production of Fundamental Education Materials. The talks were focussed on the methods of raising the standard of living of people all over the Hemisphere through education. The Bureau's job is to clothe in simple language technical information on agriculture, health measures, and the like, for use in literacy campaigns. Here, Dr. Guillermo Nannetti (right), chief of the PAU Education Division, expresses his views to an audience that includes a fellow staff member, Dr. Pedro A. Cebollero (center), and Dr. Miguel E. Bustamante of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau.



Back from Panama flew two of the Hemisphere's top-flight diplomats recently: Roberto Heurtematte (left) who had just assumed duties as Panama's new Ambassador to the United States and the OAS, and Assistant Secretary of State Edward G. Miller, in charge of Latin American affairs, who headed the U.S. delegation to the Second Extraordinary Session of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, held in Panama City. Disembarking from their plane, they were photographed upon arrival at Washington's National Airport.



Last month the OAS Council passed a resolution mourning the death of Dr. Antonio Sánchez de Bustamante, famed Cuban lawyer, professor, legislator, and orator, who died in Havana at the age of eighty-six. For many years dean of the Havana Law School, he held the chair of public and private international law at the University of Havana from 1892 until his death. Noted for his devotion to the advancement of young people, he maintained a magnificent personal library for his students, and established a travel fellowship for the top scholars in his classes in memory of his son Darío. The author of many books, Dr. Sánchez de Bustamante was principally known for his *Code of International Law (Private)*, adopted in 1928 by the Sixth International Conference of American States in Havana, to which he was a delegate. Recognizing his legal, intellectual, and moral attributes, Cuba also made him its delegate to the Second Peace Conference at The Hague in 1907, the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 and the Rio Meeting of Jurists in 1927. A judge of the International Court of Justice at The Hague since 1921, he founded the Cuban Society of International Law and was president of the Cuban Academy of Arts and Letters. In addition, Dr. Sánchez de Bustamante was a speaker of renown. For the sixteen years he held office as senator, the House rang with his eloquent, impeccable phrases. Widely honored, he received honorary degrees from the Universities of San Marcos (Lima); Columbia; Tulane; and the Sorbonne, Paris.





## TRAIL OF NAMES

TO FERNANDO ALEGRÍA, a Chilean teaching at the University of California, "the interesting thing about Spanish geographical names in California is not that they have been preserved in an English-speaking country, but rather the manner in which they were preserved; that is, the changes they have undergone over the years, becoming real curiosities to the Spanish-speaking visitor." In an article in the Chilean monthly *Atenea*, published by the University of Concepción, he recounts the history of some of them:

"There's nothing extraordinary in the fact that, to reach my house in Berkeley, if I'm coming from San Francisco, I must cross San Pablo Street, turn down Marin Avenue, pass Alameda, Solano, La Loma, Los Angeles, Buena Vista, and stop at the corner of Alamo Street. These names only remind us of the days when the California sierras and valleys, 'ranchos,' missions, and villages were part of the Mexican-Spanish agricultural community before the founding of Hollywood and the conglomerations of garages that make up the modern metropolises of the Far West. From my house I can still contemplate a map of Spanish names that fight against the invasion of the oil well, the shipyards, and the airplane, cement, and automobile factories—a map where Martínez retreats, tenacious but spent, before the onslaught of Kaiser.

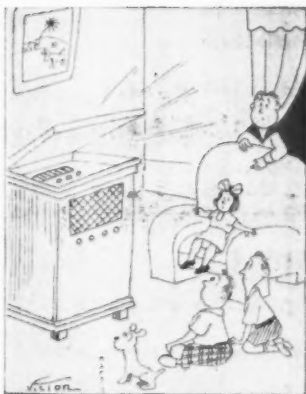
"In Erwin G. Gudde's *California Place Names* I count more than eighty names of saints in California, all with their Spanish spelling. They range

through the calendar from San Agustín to San Ysidro, including saints that have not so often given their names to our towns: San Timoteo, Santa Manuela, San Roque, San Simeón, San Onofre, San Gorgonio, San Emidio, San Carpoforo. Some saints have suffered on the lips of cowboys with no great reverence for linguistic traditions. They took the 'Bern' away from poor San Bernardo to avoid confusion with another place with the same name, and today the town is called 'San Ardo.' San Carpoforo has fared worse, for in the course of the years his name has undergone the following variations: San Carpoco, Zanjapoco, and, in pronunciation, *Sankipoco* and *Sankipoki*. In San Diego, they call San Alejo 'San

Elijo.' But changes are not always mistreatment, for California roads rejoice in such affectionate names as San Dieguito Valley, San Francisco Flat, San Luisito Creek, San Miguelito Creek. (For the benefit of the precise, let it be said that the diminutive is used to distinguish two places with the same name.)

"Between *santos* and *santitos* one finds very little difference in California and the states of northern Mexico. The traveler's surprise begins when he goes off on the secondary roads. . . . Then names crop up like *Salsipuedes* [get out if you can], very common for designating narrow passes in the sierra; and Quien Sabe Creek. *Lerdo* [slow] is the name with which the Southern Pacific baptized one of its stations in 1872 and unquestionably could also have been applied to a train of that era. Other places inherited the names of the plagues suffered by the colonists in their wanderings through the mountains: Pulgas [fleas] Creek and Pulgas Rancho in San Mateo; El Piojo [louse] Creek, a tributary of the Nacimiento River; and Garrapata [tick] Creek, in Monterey.

"For us Chileans a whole epic of adventure is wrapped up in the California names commemorating the efforts of Pérez Rosales and his companions during the search for gold in 1848 and 1849. Chileno Valley in Marin County, Chileno Creek in Merced, Chileno Canyon in Los Angeles, and Chile Gulch in Calaveras. The legend of their combative and adventurous spirit lives in the memory of many descendants of the Forty-Niners, and awaits the imagination of a novel-



"El hombre de negocios que se enfrenta al mundo, se encuentra con el mundo que se enfrenta a él." —La Esfera, Caracas

"... And before we continue with our fairy tale, let me advise you to try *El Sabrosón* brandy; it's smooth and mellow." —La Esfera, Caracas

ist to recreate it in a saga of discovery, ambition, fortune, and failure in an age and a land convulsed with spectacular violence.

"Of course, every name may hide a history or a myth. The history is sometimes epic, sometimes comic, sometimes absurd, sometimes literary. The imaginative traveler contrives to decipher the enigmas and attempts to explain them, using and abusing old chronicles, the language, and his personal knowledge of the land. And, naturally, many cases bring great disillusion. What is more delightful than the possibility of linking the romantic past of California with Andalucía through the valley of La Alhambra in Contra Costa? But the name has little to do with Spain. John Muir's mother-in-law disliked the original name, Cañada del Hambre [Hunger Ravine], of the place where he established his ranch in 1880, and changed it to La Alhambra. Her idea was not entirely original, either, for in 1842 someone had written it incorrectly as Cañada del Hembra, thus taking the first step in the clumsy transformation. . . .

"And what do I hear of Quesesosi, in Yolo County? This name looks like an Indian word, and is simply the product of a cross-eyed clerk. The first line of the document applying for the land reads: *Terreno que se soli-*, and the word is finished on the next line, which reads *cita en* ['The land that is solicited in . . .']. The very literate clerks and settlers believed that the land was called 'Quesesoli,' which later degenerated still further into the modern 'Quesesosi.' . . .

"In Ventura there is a place called Javon Canyon, which, of course, is derived from the Spanish *jabón* [soap]. It dates from 1875, when H. L. Bickford discovered a 'mine' that according to him produced natural soap. His fantastic idea caused a sensation, and overnight all kinds of companies sprang up to exploit the new California 'gold.' This soap, Bickford claimed, not only was good for washing, but was also an excellent tooth powder. His pride in the marvelous product was so great that he did not hesitate to take samples to an industrial exposition in Paris. Shortly afterward it was proved that the powder served only to crack open the

skin and, as it happened, to polish silver. The flourishing city of Javon returned to the earth, not without leaving its curious name in the California sierra.

"Other names have a more modest history: the Cañada del Cojo [Cripple's Ravine] in Santa Barbara, named in memory of an Indian chief who received Portola in 1769; Corte Madera in Marin, whose name comes from a camp which supplied timber [*madera*] to the San Francisco garrison; Cristianitos Canyon in San Diego, which commemorates the mass baptism of Indian children on one of Portola's expeditions; Espada Creek, where an Indian stole a sword [*espada*] from one of the expedition members; and Fandango Valley, a place of sad memory, for here a party of travelers was surprised and massacred by Indians during a festival.

"The etymologies and explanations of names of doubtful descent that Professor Gudde offers in his dictionary are possible in many cases, but unacceptable in several others. Let us consider the case of a stream in San Luis Obispo. I recall that the first time I crossed . . . the bridge bearing the odd name of Hüer-Hüero. I said to my friends: 'Chileans must have passed this way, for among us *huerhuero* means "nape of the neck," and it is a very graphic name for a stream that must narrow so to pass

between these banks.' Gudde believes the name comes from '*huero-huero*,' a Mexican word—*huero*—for rotten egg. And, he continues, as the waters of the stream are sulphurous the association of ideas is not strange. Never have I noticed the waters smelling like that, and unless Gudde offers proof, I will maintain that the name comes from our barbarism. . . .

"These Spanish names not only illustrate the story of wars and discoveries in California, but also enfold the sacred history of the missions, the Odyssey of gold with its echoes of gunshots and mass riots, the fable of oil and its millions, and the chronicle—sometimes Arcadian, sometimes tragic—of what was Mexican soil, of its farms where the portrait of Juárez and the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe see their light fading before the sensuous brilliance of the images on television sets."

## THUMBING THROUGH THE PAST

IN GOING OVER back copies of the paper—as someone is always detailed to do when a golden anniversary comes around anywhere—a staff member of the Rio daily *Correio da Manhã* discovered some interesting sociological data lurking among the ads:

"Nobody has seriously thought of preparing a historical survey of Brazil's enormous technical progress during the past half century—that is, since this paper was founded. Any such attempt must be preceded by research in old newspapers, in whose advertisements one will find a sort of 'social register' of the illustrious Machine family with its arrivals and departures.

"What you would see at a first glance through the ads in 1901 issues of the *Correio* is chiefly products of handicraft or small home industries. From large industrial countries we imported mostly goods for immediate consumption, much of which, still and for many years to come, was acquired by people in the higher income brackets. An appreciable amount came from distant lands on obsolete sailing ships. But motor ships were already much improved, and loudly advertised: 'Go to Europe on the S.S. —, equipped with electric lights!'

"As might be expected, our unfavor-



Spectacular new quarterly from Rio features photographs of Brazil's architecture, city planning, public works, industry. Text is sparse, bilingual (Portuguese and English)

able trade balance was reflected in publicity too. Imports of foodstuffs were especially emphasized in the ads. They were victuals for gourmets' tables—English and Danish butter; popular Portuguese, French, and Spanish wines; Norwegian codfish; and so on.

"As for means of conveyance, we were at the horse-and-buggy stage: coaches, phaetons, and other types of carriages drawn by one or two pairs of horses. The ads in those days featured these vehicles just as magnificently as today's do the fishtail Cadillac. There were donkey-drawn streetcars, though electric trolley-cars were in use on the main streets.

"First-class clothing came from abroad. Cashmere from England. Silks from France. Linen—then as now—from Belgium and Ireland. The arrival of new shipments of textiles was hailed effusively by the population of Rio de Janeiro, accustomed to keeping up with the ads so as to fulfill the social duty of *se mettre à la page* (keeping up with the Joneses), as the more influential sartorial experts of the day used to say in their dazzled imitation of Paris.

"Except for products like expectorants, anti-malaria remedies, and others that came within Chernovitz' old pharmacopoeia, drugs for treatment of the more widespread and distressing diseases—yellow fever, typhus, syphilis, and others—all came from abroad. Our pharmaceutical industry had barely begun to walk toward the high summits it has reached now, when our exports of medicines make a difference in our trade balance.

"No movie ads, but theater ads instead. In that respect, the *Correio da Manhã's* old pages show us that *cariocas* were able to watch performances by great stars of opera and drama of the day. And since radio was not yet a practicable invention, the fad was those clumsy gramophones sold by Casa Edison, the last word in opulence at the wealthiest homes.

"Suddenly the great International Exposition of 1908 shook our population out of its lethargy. At the same time new habits were being acquired by the most elegant. In the pages of *Correio da Manhã* the first advertisements for motion pictures and scientific

equipment appeared, a small sample of what was to come. Modern techniques agitated the somnolent and tranquil waters of Guanabara Bay by forcing on them ferry boats that were considered 'speedy.' After the movies came the first and extremely noisy automobiles, which evoked loud—and futile, of course—protest on the part of our society ladies, whose voluminous, tight-fitting dresses were often torn to pieces by the metal parts of the horrible vehicles, without mercy or respect. From year to year, improvements were felt at an ever-increasing rate. New models followed the old; they were more comfortable, and the country was being technically equipped to face reality. The largest importing firms always announced the arrival of early-model tractors alongside Fords, Rolls-Royces, and Chevrolets.

"In due course, owing to the demands of comfort, that beautiful and imposing Imperial furniture, those rich wardrobes of *jacarandá* wood, those marvelous cinnamon-bark tables, those superb leather chairs, all began to look heavy and impractical; thus, little by little, in the heat of battle over 'futurism,' the venerable old furniture was replaced by modern, streamlined, 'anatomic' stuff. In Rio homes, the esthetic revolution started the trend toward the more sober, perhaps even more elegant, decoration on which we pride ourselves today. House-

wives, who had learned through the movies that there were such things as floor polishers and other laborsaving equipment, began to aggravate their husbands' headaches and to hurl them onto the roller-coaster of installment buying. If they brought home a polisher, the wife (the darling wife) would promptly announce that she wanted a refrigerator.

"For under U.S. influence we suddenly discovered that we were living in a tropical climate, where foods deteriorate, and against this evil the refrigerator people screamed in ads for iceboxes of all types, makes, and sizes. This methodical conquest of progress also determined a certain evolution in feminine 'techniques,' which were already becoming keener every year thanks to those enemies of masculine tranquility, the dresses from 'Chez Madame' and Parisian perfumes that got subtler and subtler.

"Around 1930, airplanes began to appear more and more frequently, and at first one saw ads of heavy Junkers, Sikorsky Clippers, Baby Clippers. Without being aware of it, we were going up the ladder toward Lodestars, Douglas DC-2's, DC-3's, DC-4's, Constellations. We have become so hard-boiled that we now take for granted such fantastic things as flights on De Havilland jets in the near future, promised by the big airline ads.

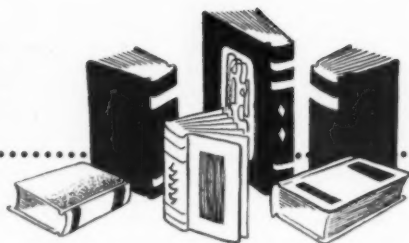
"Nowadays, pages upon pages of apartment-house ads are also a token of a profound revolution in our living habits. Large cities welcome skyscrapers, and are proud of their first thirty-story building. Those lovely old mansions, of which a few are luckily still around, were defeated by gigantic blocks of concrete whose presence changed the city's landscape. There were protests when the first tall buildings came to clog up our beaches, darken our streets, trap heat, and introduce a new type of business—cooperative skyscrapers. . . .

"Knowledge of progress spreads like lightning. It happens more or less like this: one day the newspapers carry a lot of ads about some miraculous preparation whose production had been kept secret by Army Staffs during World War II—and suddenly the public is thrust into the antibiotics age."



O Amigo da Onça, Brazilian cartoon hero famed for his impudence, takes off with friend's bride.—O Cruzeiro, Rio de Janeiro

# BOOKS



## ON THE COAST OF EL SALVADOR

NAPOLEÓN RODRÍGUEZ RUIZ has made his first appearance as a novelist, giving us a very pleasant surprise with his book *Jaraguá*. In that little fragment of beautiful Central America called El Salvador, Rodríguez Ruiz is very well known, not as a novelist but as an upright judge with a keen legal mind, a professor of various subjects in the Faculty of Law, a good friend to the students, and, above all, an exemplary citizen.

The action of his novel takes place on the Salvadorean coast. It is the moving narrative of the lives of a mother and her son, a picture full of harsh scenes, typical of the inhospitable coast. The characters use the popular speech of the region, with the natural and amusing color of a Spanish deformed by the action of time, the influence of the Indian heritage (for the Indian languages themselves long ago disappeared in El Salvador), and the effects of the land. When the author speaks in his own voice, he uses good, clear Spanish (I would not say perfect, for some amendments could be made to his wording) and, at times, elegant phrases and agile and charming figures that reveal imagination and good taste.

The *jaraguá* is a species of tall grass that takes root and clings to the ground so firmly that it is almost impossible to destroy it. You pull it out. You burn it. But it grows up again. It stays. It lives on nothing, sipping nonexistent sap, using up the wretched bits of humus there may be in the eroded soil, living where all else dies. That is why the author calls his hero Jaraguá. A child of misfortune and misery, he was brought up in a rough, treacherous environment where nature is a cruel step-mother; there he grew to manhood, and there, in his way, he triumphed.

The plot is simple and unpretentious. But the reader finds himself devouring the book in big pieces, for the author knows how to hold your interest. In the midst of wild scenes, we find the real content and theme: the life of the coastal people in western El Salvador and their psychology, which becomes automatically evident. With expert knowledge of his subject and without apparent effort, the author shows us the varied facets of the brilliant, beautiful, and rough stone that is the soul of the coarse, almost always illiterate Indian, who knows only how to work like an ox: his loves, at the same time

savage and tender, with the passion of a bull in fury and desires that are sometimes voiced in crude flattery with a rural charm or in songs with guitar accompaniment; the sweetness of his dreams or the ambitions of his soul, which, impotently, he manages to express only in bitter silence. The story is also a cry of rebellion demanding salvation. It is a call to the sleeping consciences of those who can but don't want to, those who must but do not fulfill their obligations, those who know but do not teach, those who have but do not give food to the hungry, water to the thirsty, or clothes to the naked. It is a serene and calm social study, without hatred or ire, the fruit of observation by one who has seen with his own eyes and suffered because of what he saw.

In short, Rodríguez Ruiz's book is a splendid work whose message cannot be ignored. It is impressive. It arouses one's feelings. Thus it performs an important service while it gives the reader pleasure. Such works as this come at a very opportune time for El Salvador, which is having its hour, at the height of economic prosperity. I am sure this work will be well received in all the Spanish-speaking countries, and I only regret that it lacks a glossary of the difficult local expressions it uses. With that addition, it could also find readers in the United States, where there are many admirers of the language of Jovellanos and Moratin.

*Jaraguá* was published by the University of El Salvador and contains an interesting short introduction by Dr. Hugo Lindo, an excellent poet and dean of the university's faculty of humanities. The neat printing job was done by Editorial Ahora.—Luis Ernesto Guillén

JARAGUÁ, by Napoleón Rodríguez Ruiz. San Salvador, Editorial Universitaria, 1950. 366 p.

## TWO NOVELS FROM CHILE

WITH HIS FIRST NOVEL, *La Luna era Mi Tierra*, Enrique Araya emerged as a brilliant new Chilean writer, winning Santiago's Municipal Prize for the genre. Now he has given us a second look at his work with a different sort of book, *El Caracol y la Diosa*.

Of the two, the first is more satisfying to the reader. It reveals a humorist in the excellent Chilean tradition. Chileans are a gay and outspoken lot. We see this in comments on politics and social customs in the manner

of the nineteenth-century *costumbrista* "Jotabeche" (José Joaquín Vallejo); in thinly-disguised reminiscences of the real adventures of the author's friends, as in *Los Amigos de Gómez Barbadillo*, by the genial tax administrator who signs himself Juan Luis Espejo; or in frank discussions of the writer's family life, as in the works of the Syrian-born Santiago dry-goods merchant, Benedicto Chuaqui.

*La Luna era Mi Tierra*, by which Araya means something like *I Belonged in the Moon*, shares something of the spirit of all of them. It is a saga of diverting failure. The first part of the book narrates the hero's childhood and adolescence, all told in the first person. It is a bit heavy-handed, with frequent mention of his difficulties in controlling the more prosaic biological functions at crucial moments, and outlines his awakening realization of spiritual and sexual love. But it has charming moments of observation of provincial and Santiago life, the strange habits of his maiden aunts, and his family's stratagems for marrying off the girls. As the hero grows up, he tries and tries to graduate as a lawyer, even though he quickly sees that he has missed his calling. His hatred for the profession is confirmed by his close view of a lawyer in whose office he is supposed to practice, whence he flees in disillusion. He prefers to devote himself to the pursuit of women, with a variety of amusing techniques. Momentarily he seems as confused as to the object of his emotion, and as ensnared, as Unamuno's Augusto Pérez.



Cover of amusing first novel by new Chilean writer

When Eustaquio Arredondo is married, his troubles become more convincing and heart-rending. By a series of Machiavellian financial promotions—and getting the inspector charged with authorizing loans for the expansion of chicken coops very drunk—our hero sets himself up on what proves to be a very unprofitable parcel of land. He has no luck in buying horses, and the newlyweds are soon forced to eat up their fine breeding stock of goats, with bill collectors hounding them at every turn. The noble wife sticks patiently through it all, as catastrophe after catastrophe befalls them. They are real people

now, and we feel real compassion for them, although we are always conscious that their antics are absurd and their melancholy a hopeful one free of any tragic feeling.

In *El Caracol y la Diosa* (*The Snail and the Goddess*), Araya has tried his hand at expounding novel views of human life through the mechanism of a sort of astounding science fiction. He uses the device of presenting the diary of a schizophrenic who was shut up in a hole under the stairs by his mother to avoid being called to duty in World War III, the great Atomic War. In his dreams,



Enrique Araya's fantasy deals with life in 210th century

or, as he says, by the acute refinement of his perception, Sebastián Apablaza is able to transport his spirit through time to converse with XZ-482, an S.H. (something apparently descended from man) of the 210th century. These S.H. have dispensed with the entire human digestive system, absorbing their nourishment directly into the bloodstream under pressure. Their reproduction is a test-tube process, and they do not understand what Sebastián means by love, sex, or marriage. This calls for some burlesque scenes when Sebastián tries to make XZ-482 see what he means.

The S.H. have a much further developed concept of the universe and their place in it than the ordinary run of *Homo sapiens*. In a dissertation worthy of an existentialist café, XZ-482 explains that all the beings in the universe are just images in the mind of Being, and that past, present, and future coexist, what man thinks of as life being just the time the actor is called from the wings to take his part in the play. The lads of the 210th century are not anxious to live to a ripe old age but prefer to rejoin Being without their mortal bodies. Of course they have made sundry technological improvements, and can transmit thoughts without words.

Now Sebastián decides he must be able to go backward in time too. He relives the scenes of his infancy and the violent separation of his parents. In this part, and in a visit to the dawn of human time, with some of our hairy predecessors, Araya attains the same underlying warmth along with irony that he achieved in his first novel. But most of the time the story is too contrived to



create any illusion of credibility; it is rather a game of audacious ideas. It comments on the ridiculousness of modern man, but its visions of the past and the distant future are not much more encouraging, as Sebastián himself points out.

The snail that shares Sebastián's cage has some interesting observations of his own to make. The goddess of the title is a complicated something of the 210th century that need not be explained here.

Enrique Araya's second book is ingenious, but the realism and understanding humor of the first made it a richer dish.—George C. Compton

LA LUNA ERA MI TIERRA, by Enrique Araya. Santiago, Chile, Zig-Zag, 1949. 255 p.

EL CARACOL Y LA DIOSA, by Enrique Araya. Santiago, Chile, Zig-Zag, 1950. 155 p.

## H. M. TOMLINSON: GEOGRAPHER OF THE SOUL

ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO, an unpretentious book entitled *The Sea and The Jungle* appeared in England and was later published in the United States. It told of the remarkable voyage of the tramp ship *Capella* from Swansea to Pará where, despite a draft exceeding twenty-three feet, it penetrated the Brazilian jungle for more than two thousand miles via the Amazon and Madeira rivers to San Antonio, becoming the first ocean-going steamer ever to do so.

On the surface, it was just another travel book, but critics and writers found in it something infinitely more; in fact, and without hesitation, they soon raised its author, Henry Major Tomlinson, a Fleet Street journalist, to the rank of a Conrad or a Melville and developed a literary cult around him. Since then, Tomlinson has written a number of books—*Gallions Reach*, *All Our Yesterdays*, *Tidemarks*—all of them ostensibly concerned with the immediate world, but transcending it in speculation of the heavenly, eternal values of the spirit.

*The Sea And The Jungle* was the first, and possibly the only, volume so far to use Brazil as a rich background for English creative writing of classic proportions. Tomlinson, in fact, is to Brazil what W. H. Hudson was to Venezuela and Argentina, and Richard Hughes to the West Indies. Like Melville's *Moby Dick*, his writing contains a significance beyond its reality. Through allegory, he represents the various stages in man's life and seeks to penetrate the ultimate mystery, the core of the elusive white whale. Like Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, *The Sea and The Jungle* enables the reader not only to accompany men on a symbolic journey and to end up feeling as one with them, but also to grasp something of eternity, a phenomenon that occurs to most of us only obliquely.

As might be expected, *The Face Of The Earth*, his latest book, continues where the others left off. Of interest to Latin Americans principally as a sequel to the thought evoked by his earlier writings, it contains an account of how he came to embark upon the voyage that made him famous and offers some interesting views on

what industrialization would do to the Brazilian rain-forest. ("There is a tributary of the Amazon I know which once rewarded my admiration for it with some fever, but I do not want it to be punished into the likeness of the factories and slime of the Lea at Stratford-by-Bow.")

Bringing together five essays, "personal, from the rubble of the past," *The Face Of The Earth* is full of the descriptive skill characteristic of the author, one of the most perceptive of living prose writers. Inspired by "journeys to distant coasts, as well as of but running around the corner," many subjects—large and small—come under his observation. In the animal world, there are gulls, jellyfish, sheldrakes, moths, and other insects. In the abstract, there are man's longing for an island of refuge, and the inscrutability of Buddha. And there are the fish-markets, the hotels, and the sea of everyday life.



H. M. Tomlinson: his prose works are travel classics

Even to Conrad and El Greco, to Columbus and Don Quixote, Tomlinson lends his inimitable poetry.

As in *The Sea and The Jungle*, the foibles and ironies of men become fit subjects for the Englishman's dissection. Reading of the people "noticed by the wayside while getting about," we feel we know them personally and intimately. Tomlinson's presentation of them—whether sailors, Brazilian officials, or human derelicts of the jungle—has a dramatic impact that locks them in our memory long after we have laid his book aside. "On the Chesil Bank," one of the five essays, is an example of this striking power. Revealing how the author learned of the death of Conrad, it opens: "The Chesil Bank was new to me . . . and it had no message. It was pleasing but it was strange, though it was England. It was but a white-washed wall topped by a tamarisk hedge. Below the wall was a deserted ridge and beach of shingle, tawny and glowing, and a wide sea without a ship. The white wall, the pale and shimmering stones, and the bright sea were as far from my own interests as a West Indian cay.

"A figure appeared in the distance, so unusual a blot on the shingle that I watched it two miles away. There was nothing else to do. It moved with briskness and

determination, but appeared to be unconcerned with anything I could see on that strand. It came straight at me as though it knew I was there; and at length handed me a telegram. It was a smiling and rosy-cheeked little messenger from the post office, three miles away. The child waited, like the eternal figure of Eros in a British uniform, as though it had been doing this off and on, in some form or other, since the gods began to sport with the affairs of the earth. Now what had the gods to say to me, there and then? 'What's this all about?' I asked Eros. But he only smiled. I wondered who was in such a hurry to announce some good fortune, and opened the envelope. 'Conrad is dead.'

Perhaps what is most extraordinary about these essays is that, although the first was written in 1912 and the last in 1944, none of them differs noticeably in style from any other, indicating the author's unique singleness of purpose and his disciplined artistic intent. "Hints For Those About To Travel" is largely autobiographical, and although it roams over the globe from Borneo to Bogotá, it offers little practical advice for the everyday tourist. What it does offer, however, is a better advice, a spiritual one, that can only serve to make our journeys richer. "The best things in travel are all undesigned," Tomlinson says, "and perhaps even undeserved."

Other subjects discussed in his essays include merciless big-game hunters, businessmen who try to get away from it all on cruise ships, presumptuous travel writers, old versus new travel books, and whether or not travel is broadening. He draws a line between the fanciful, romantic dangers of the far places and the real ones. Like Baudelaire, he notes how smells transport him back to the past. "A Spanish Journey" contains an analysis of the Iberian peninsula so original, and so typically Tomlinson, that no serious student will want to miss it.

While *The Face of The Earth* will probably not be recommended by your travel agency, it will be sought by readers everywhere who realize that a trip is more than tickets and trains and wardrobe. Its author, now approaching eighty years of age, has evidently been around quite a bit. And along the way, he seems to have picked up an experience that Cook's and the American Express will never know.—Wallace B. Alig

THE FACE OF THE EARTH, by H. M. Tomlinson. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., 246 p. \$3.00

## PRESENTING HAITI

HAITI AND ITS PEOPLE, its problems, and its arts are presented in a series of essays and selections from Haiti's outstanding writers in the volume *An Introduction to Haiti*, published by the Pan American Union's Department of Cultural Affairs. Mercer Cook, Professor of Romance Languages at Howard University, made the selections and commentaries. Such authors as Dr. Jean Price-Mars, Dantès Bellegarde, Pierre Sylvain, and Jacques Roumain are quoted on the history of the land—origins of the population, the wars for independence—problems of rural isolation and soil erosion, Catholicism and Vodun in the Haitian's religious life, folklore and folk songs. A report by Maurice Dartique on the country's



Detail of monument to Toussaint Louverture, Port-au-Prince  
educational needs is summarized. Philippe Thoby-Marcelin tells of the tremendous revival of art activities in Haiti in the article originally published in *AMERICAS* for December 1949. Jacques C. Antoine discusses Haiti's poets and novelists, past and present. The volume concludes with studies of four great Haitians: Toussaint Louverture (the article by former Ambassador to the United States Joseph D. Charles, from *AMERICAS*, April 1949), Jean-Jacques Dessalines, Henri Christophe, and Alexandre Pétion. The paper-bound book is illustrated with many photographs.

AN INTRODUCTION TO HAITI, selections and commentaries by Mercer Cook. Pan American Union, Department of Cultural Affairs, 1951. 150 p. Illus. \$1.00

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# Presenting our Ambassadors



**One of Latin America's** leading men of letters, Dr. Rafael Heliodoro Valle, represents Honduras on the OAS Council. A native of Tegucigalpa, he has carved out a three-pronged career in diplomacy, teaching, and writing. He began his diplomatic activities as Honduran Consul in Belize in 1915-16, later was a member of a special Honduran mission to Washington on boundary questions with Guatemala, and of another mission to Mexico in 1921. During many years' residence in that country, he taught at the University of Mexico (See his article, page 22), directed National Museum publications, and headed the section on bibliography in the Ministry of Education (1921-25). There also he was at various times on the staffs of the Mexican dailies *Excelsior* and *El Universal*. Dr. Valle is a familiar contributor to newspapers and periodicals throughout the Hemisphere and has authored novels, volumes of poetry, diplomatic and social histories, and bibliographies. He is associate editor of Duke University's *Hispanic American Historical Review*, of the University of Oklahoma's *Books Abroad*, and of *Revista de Historia de América*, published by the Pan American Institute of Geography and History. In 1940, Columbia University awarded him the Cabot Prize in journalism. Now he is doing double diplomatic duty as his country's Ambassador to the Organization of American States and to Washington.

**For over thirty years**, Dr. Gonzalo Güell y Morales de los Rios, Cuba's Ambassador to the Organization of American States, has been one of his country's most energetic diplomats. Entering the foreign service in 1920, he has been secretary of the Cuban Embassy in Washington, chargé d'affaires in Brazil, Colombia, Panama, and Norway, and Ambassador to Mexico. From 1927 to 1930, he was the island's delegate to conferences on Commercial Aviation and Customs and Ports, and to the International Conference on Communications. Secretary of a commission at the Sixth Inter-American Conference in 1928, he was Secretary General of the Cuban delegation to the Eighth Inter-American Conference in 1938 in Lima, and to the First Meeting of Foreign Ministers in Panama in 1939. Formerly chief of the Cuban War Office and Chairman of the War Commission, Dr. Güell was also a delegate to the 1945 Mexico City Inter-American Conference on Problems of War and Peace, and chairman of the island's delegation to the second UNESCO assembly, held in the Mexican capital in 1947. He is a member of Havana's Institute of International Law and a former chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the city's College of Lawyers. Among his decorations, he numbers honors from nine different countries.

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## NO CULTURE? (Continued from page 5)

they have no reason to regard as culturally superior to themselves.

It is an old story, too, that the movies do not help—with their familiar infantilism, their parade of shallowness and of luxury—to give the impression of a mature and civilized society. Nor, perhaps, do the crowds of hurried tourists off the cruise ships nor the twenty-four-hour visitors from the package vacations now provided by the airlines.

But, whatever the reason, the fixed notion remains that the United States has not done a very good job of making its claims to civilization and culture familiar south of the Rio Grande. We have, it is true, made a few sporadic efforts. There was, for example, the systematic attempt made by the State Department through its division of cultural relations, an effort still being carried on, though to a lesser degree. Through such projects, a visiting professorship in U. S. literature was established at the University of Brazil (occupied with notable success in its first two years by Professor Morton D. Zabel of the University of Chicago, who published in Portuguese a brilliant account of our literary history). There have been other visitors, musical, academic, artistic. There have been scholarships to Brazilian students. Even so, the Brazilians know us best by our mechanical talents, our commercial zeal, and our Hollywood stereotypes, along with the condescension of North Americans in Brazil, much as the British used to condescend to "natives" in India.

All this is regrettable and remediable. From personal observation I can report the extraordinary interest of educated Brazilians in such aspects of our culture as they encounter by lucky accident. It is sometimes said in Brazil that one can guess the age of a lady quite closely by observing whether her second language is French or English. For practical and commercial reasons English is succeeding French as a second language. One may hope that in time Brazilians will turn to us with more hospitality and readiness for what our civilization has to offer them other than gadgets and techniques, profits and movies and comic strips. The two countries have much in common, in their size, their energies, their opportunities. Brazil is a nation of fifty million people, a country of potential greatness and strength. It is a pity that so far they know only the practical and commercial sides of our lives and such aspects of the spirit of our people as Hollywood deems it profitable to manufacture and export. In the best and not the most sinister sense of the word "propaganda," there is much to be done. What more the Brazilians know of our culture they always seem to like. We have done ourselves injustice south of the border. The deeper aspects of our culture, our almost mystical faith in freedom and the individual soul, the traversing by Melville and Emerson and Hawthorne and James of the hopes and griefs of the lonely and adventurous, the friendly and spirited life of the lonely beings, our humor and our tragedy—all this ought to be better known in the Western Hemisphere. We would be loved no less than we are respected if they were.

*Many Latin Americans get distorted impressions from U.S. movies. Buenos Aires theater shown here advertises Joan Crawford film*



*New York's Ballet Theater has won international fame*



*Youngsters in the nation's capital visit the National Gallery of Art to see the collection of sculptures*



## NICARAGUAN FISH STORY

(Continued from page 15)

Other excellent fresh-water fish are the *robalo* (*Pomadasys grandis*) and *guabina* (*Philyprus dormitor*). While the latter are to be found in the Granada market, brought from the islands in the lake, neither species is very common. Both are of an olive tone, but on the *robalo* each scale has a lighter-colored center, forming vague lines along the side of the fish.

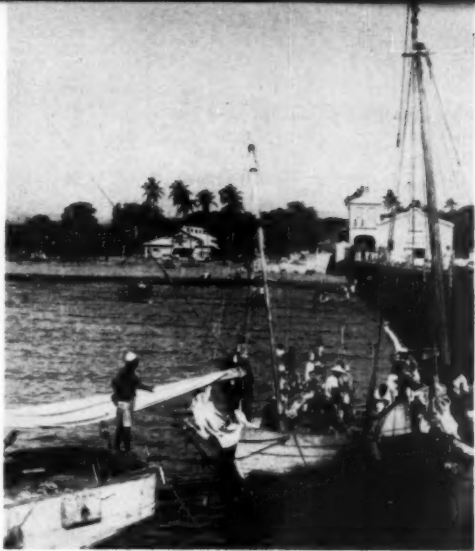
Several species known as *bagres* of the genus *Rhamdia* are also plentiful, and there is a close relative of *Gambusia*, the little fish widely used for mosquito control, labeled *Paragambusia nicaraguensis*, running about an inch long.

Four varieties in Lake Nicaragua and its associated rivers go by the common name of *sábalo*. One, *Brycon dentex*, silvery below and dark blue above, with plain fins, grows to a length of a foot or more, is often sold in a dried form, and is considered inferior only to the *guapote* and *robalo*. Another, the large-headed *Dorosoma chavesi*, is named for Dioclesiano Chaves, a former director of the National Museum of Nicaragua. A slender variety (*Bramocharax elongatus*) is generally called *sabalito*. Finally, there is the *sábalo real* (*Tarpon atlanticus*).

In Nicaragua the latter turned into huge and active creatures larger than a man and said to weigh far more than the world rod-and-reel catch record of 247 pounds for the species. They come up to show off their brilliant silvery color in the sun and can leap twelve or fifteen feet in the air. In pleasure trips to the Florida beaches, they head for the San Juan river outlet at speeds up to sixty-five miles an hour. They are covered with gelatinous scales, and when they force their way into shallow places to eat the vegetation, only their tails are visible.

Fishing for this *sábalo real* was what made William E. Simmons most enthusiastic on his expedition to Nicaragua. "But the game fish par excellence of the fresh water is the 'savaloreal,' or tarpon, which fairly swarms in the river and lake. I am inclined to think that the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua are the principal breeding places of this fish, and that it is a mere migratory visitant to our coast. Wherever there is a shoal place in the river it is to be seen breaking by the hundreds, and at the Toro Rapids, above El Castillo, they are so numerous that they frequently jump into the boats ascending or descending. As many as five, measuring from four to six feet in length, have been known to jump into a boat on one trip down the rapids, which are only fifteen miles long. They are apt to bite the occupants of the boat or injure them by floundering about, and so a boatman usually stands ready, armed with a machete, to cut their heads off as soon as they strike the deck. . . . I feel no hesitation in saying that great sport awaits any angler who will go there prepared for it." Actually, little is known as to the breeding grounds of this fish.

The *pez sierra*, or sawfish, which some ancient writers erroneously referred to as a swordfish, reaches a weight of nearly half a ton and a length of ten feet or more in



Lake Nicaragua port of Granada, in heart of some of the world's best fishing country

Lake Nicaragua. *Pristis pectinatus* has twenty-four to thirty-two teeth on the saw, *Pristis microdon* only fifteen to twenty-two. Both species seem to exist in Nicaragua, going considerable distances up the rivers.

Oviedo tells this story: "In the year 1529 I found on the beach of this lagoon, in the province of Nicaragua, a dead fish that must have been tossed ashore by the water itself; it was of a kind that no man had ever seen, even dead, except in the ocean, and they call it *peixe rigüela*, for the sort of snout it has at the end of the upper jaw is a ferocious sword full of sharp teeth spaced along both edges. And they are tremendous fish, and

Indian family enjoys an outing in a bongo during one of Lake Nicaragua's rare calm moments





I have seen them so big that a pair of oxen pulling a cart had a full load with one fish. . . . Although [the one I found] was more than twelve feet long, it was a small one, for the sword was small, no bigger than a palm and three fingers, and no wider at the widest part or at its base than two fingers."

The sharks of the lake, related to types found in the Pacific Ocean, go by the scientific name of *Carcharhinus* (or *Eulamia*) *nicaraguensis*, the first shark species definitely established as living in fresh water. Of a dark grey color when small, it becomes browner as it grows. It attains a length of six to ten feet; has a broad, depressed head and robust body; and is so fierce that it is known locally as *tigrone* (tiger fish).

Where the San Juan River empties into the Caribbean, and along the bar of the Colorado, one of the San Juan outlets, the sharks are even more abundant and fierce. Ocean species spawn there and offer an unusual sight, when the ocean wave hits the river's stream, the sharks are seen flapping desperately on the sandy bottom. The



Netting "sardines" at Lake Managua behind bushes placed in the water is age-old Indian method.

female, which is famed for being even more ferocious than the male, is called *tintoreria* because it is said to enjoy seeing itself red with blood.

This same point is the entrance for the small boats that ply between the Atlantic Coast and the interior ports on the lake. Sea sharks follow the boats up the river, swimming on both sides of the vessel in the hope that it may capsize or sink, until they are stopped by the Machuca Rapids. Then the lake sharks take over the watch for the rest of the trip.

The Nicaraguan shark is silent. For this reason he loves the backwaters along the shore of the San Juan. With his first dorsal fin sticking out and mingling with the floating vegetation, he hunts at surface level, selecting the most nutritious fish and at the same time avoiding the blows of waves. Nothing disturbs him so much as the sound of chopping trees and of the rolling trunks splashing into the stream. The farmer who must get over the river with his horse crosses himself first. Then he ties the horse to the end of the canoe and starts across, beating the sides of the canoe with an oar so that it resounds like a trombone under the water. He generally

accompanies this with violent cursing, trying to intimidate the sharks until the horse arrives safe and sound on the other shore.

In the early morning hours of March, April, and May, the fishing is excellent. The preferred spots are at the mouth of the river and in certain regions that are among the most humid in America. There the sun never penetrates the vegetation along the shore. It rains every day, and the annual rainfall totals 260 inches. Near Bluefields, the Inter-American Geodetic Survey maintains a station to gather data on the tides.

The fisherman can hook a seven-foot shark here every five minutes with just six ounces of bait. But between the time of the bite and the landing of the fish a battle rages for hours, and the boat may be pulled along by the shark for miles, with the anchor kept up so that the line will not break. When the harpoon method is used, the custom is to tie the end of the line to a buoy, which is left to float freely until the fish is tired and weakened by loss of blood. In Nicaragua the sharks are killed more to prevent them from doing damage than for commercial purposes. The city council of Granada, the principal port on the lake, recently decreed a bounty on sharks' heads, as on fugitive criminals. The fish had become so voracious that in one day the same shark attacked three bathers on the beach.

Few people in Nicaragua take care to use the necessary equipment and methods to catch the shark without damaging its skin. Professional fishermen, however, use the spines to make needles. They make shoes from the skins, eat the meat, and prepare a special soup by cooking the nerves of the fins in coconut milk. All the waste parts are generally sold to small soap factories. An old custom was to leave the livers in the sun for several days. When spoiled, they were fried, yielding a small amount of oil, which, in its impure and fetid condition, was used to lubricate wagon wheels. People began to notice that the dogs who opened the bellies of freshly caught sharks with their front paws and ate the livers turned from weak and sickly creatures into healthy, fat ones. This started a demand for the livers. Nowadays they are steamed, or placed in an iron pot or drum over an open fire, in about six inches of water so that the oil will not come out dark or become bitter. Chinese merchants used to export sharks' fins, but post-war synthetics and the vitamins that have taken the place of liver oils ended the small and primitive shark-fishing industry in Nicaragua.

Now the Nicaraguan shark, the terror of all the other fish of this region of fresh, warm lakes, and of the inhabitants of their shores, need only fear the occasional invasion of its kingdom by someone like Luis Marden, of the *National Geographic Magazine*; a fish called harracuda that comes up from the Atlantic to persecute it, even though smaller than the shark; or the *Moskito*, a part-Negro Indian, from the same coast, a remarkable swimmer praised by all the pirates. Naked, with only a sharp knife between his teeth, he passes unharmed among the fins of the beasts. Because of this, they say in Nicaragua that the shark only likes white meat.

#### FOUR CENTURIES (Continued from page 23)

It was an imposing spectacle. On the brilliantly lighted dais at the Palace of Fine Arts sat the degree recipients in a tumult of colors. Dr. Ferreira of the University of São Paulo stood out as if wrapped in a flame, while the robes of the rector of the University of Paris, Dr. Jean Sarrailh, and of the representatives of Harvard University attracted attention for their contrasting simplicity. As President Alemán entered, the university orchestra and chorus broke into a triumphal hymn. The university chief of protocol announced by countries the names of those participating in the splendid ceremony, and each advanced to present to Dr. Garrido his greetings or his gifts, outstanding among them an enormous Peruvian silver tray from the University of San Marcos. At the same time they greeted the President of Mexico. Then degrees were given to twenty-three distinguished Mexicans and foreigners, among them the United States' John Dewey and astronomer Harlow Shapley.

Rector Sarrailh spoke for all those honored, making his introduction in French and continuing his address—to the intense surprise of his audience—in excellent Spanish: "We know its long history of four centuries . . . its struggles against many kinds of enemies, its fortunes and its adversities, its hours of splendor and of decadence. We know very well that, like the venerable Sorbonne and other European universities, it bore the weight of scholastic discipline, in spite of Renaissance restlessness, and later felt the winds of freedom in the eighteenth century. We are aware of the glorious date 1910, when the attempt was made to restore an old and dying organism and create a new school, open to scientific

progress and dedicated to the enlightenment and progress of the Mexican people. . . . At this moment we seem to hear the eloquent voice of the apostle of national culture [Justo Sierra], observing that: 'Yesterday's university founders said: "Truth is defined, taught." Today we say to university students: "The truth is being defined, seek it."'"

On Saturday, the twenty-second, after the opening of the Fifth National Students' Games, a visit to the University City took place. This amazing new project measures the pulse of Mexican progress—a landscape ruled by the skill and wisdom of Carlos Lazo, the chief architect. Here, on the still-unquiet ashes and lava where Pedregal Man, Mexico's most ancient, lived and dreamed, rises a handsome palace for the culture of modern man. On 150 tranquilly beautiful acres in the Valley of Mexico, two miles from the outskirts of the capital, the university city will house the twenty-two schools and colleges of the university, with their enrollment of about twenty-six thousand students and faculty of 2,152. At a cost of fifteen million dollars, it has an auditorium with a capacity of four thousand, a library featuring murals by Juan O'Gorman, an Olympic stadium that seats a hundred thousand, and other sports facilities.

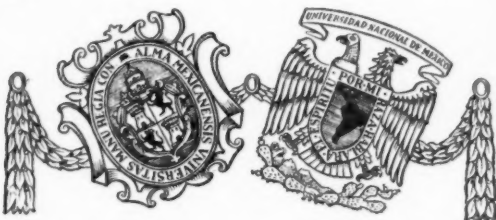
The evening's program accented the country's folklore—costumes, dances, and songs collected by the noted photographer Luis Márquez in long trips through the "real" Mexico. A banquet later honored the delegations.

Also on the program were visits to Huetotzingo, Cholula, Puebla, and Jalapa. Through these trips the delegations from abroad had an opportunity to meet a different Mexico from the one they had observed in the capital, to come into closer contact with men and the land.

A series of related events had been scheduled to highlight the anniversary: the Exposition of Mexican Culture, organized under the leadership of the historian Silvio Zavala, director of the National History Museum; the Mexican Scientific Congress; the First Continental Congress of Atomic Studies, from October 1 to 10.

In broad outline, this is the panorama of the fourth centenary of the University of Mexico. Mexico has shown it has the creative capacities to permit it to develop its inner riches. It remains proud of its past, with its mixture of the blood and desires of other peoples. The seeds planted by Zumárraga and Mendoza, Cervantes de Salazar and Alonso de la Veracruz, have borne noble fruit.

*Fray Alonso de la Veracruz, one of university's earliest scholars, wrote first philosophy book in New Spain*



NOVI LUX ORBIS QUATER SÆCULARIS ANIMA PATRIÆ

# KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 31



1. Brazilian *garimpeiros*, following the *bandeirante*, or pioneer, tradition, are found in that nation's back country. Are they farmers, prospectors, well-diggers, or construction workers?

2. This Guatemalan workman is raking one of his country's principal products. Is it rough diamonds, cocoa beans, pebbles for road surfacing, or poppy seeds?



3. This livestock may end up as hamburger on your dinner plate, shipped from the world's biggest refrigerating plant, located in \_\_\_\_\_, largest meat-packing city in South America. Fill in blank with its name.

4. Founded in 1496 by Bartholomew Columbus, brother of the navigator, this is the oldest colonial city in America. Is it Quito, Ecuador; Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic; or Havana, Cuba?

5. Is this Venezuelan-born scholar-poet-writer, who helped found the University of Chile in 1843 and became its rector, Andrés Bello, Simón Rodríguez, Horace Mann, or Domingo Faustino Sarmiento?

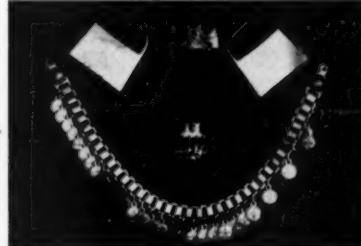
6. Bogota is the name of a town in this state. From its silhouette, do you know which state it is?

7. View of a U.S. university library with Hoover Library's Peace Tower in background. Is it the University of Chicago, Harvard, Stanford, or Duke?

8. Would you say these silver objects are the jewelry of an Araucanian Indian princess of Chile, the trappings of a Mexican *hidalgo*, or the stirrups, bit, and bridle for the horse of an Argentine *gaucho*?

9. Fellow cutting off treetop in British Columbia is known in lumbering circles as steeplejack, rigger, topper, or buster?

10. This is a root of Costa Rica's second crop, which you should never keep in the refrigerator. Is it garlic, sugar cane, banana, or tobacco?



## CARIBBEAN PINPOINTS

(Continued from page 11)

presents are given to postmen, servants, errand boys, and other humble folk as on Boxing Day in England. Two Thanksgivings are also celebrated there: the usual one proclaimed by the United States in November and another on October 25, the official end of the three-month hurricane season.

St. Croix, too, is the place where the United States, until recently, had an interest in distilling the famous Government House rum. In 1934, hurricanes, drought, and outmoded sugar-cane production methods had brought the island to its economic knees. The people were being fed by the Red Cross. To solve the problem, the administration in Washington decided to revive the rum industry. A Virgin Islands Company was established and flourished until 1949, when Congress put the organization out of business by passing Public Law 149, which prohibits federal agencies from distilling potable liquor. Nevertheless, good use is still being made of the sugar cane that originally went into the rum. This has been the most productive year yet for the Virgin Islands Corporation, which took over where its alcoholic predecessor left off. Although its yearly yield (a hundred thousand tons) is only a fraction of that of Puerto Rico or Cuba, VICORP is vigorously working to step up the cane quota to 150,000 tons to make the industry pay for itself. "It can be done by raising the water table of the island . . . and by modern methods of cultivation," Governor de Castro says. Despite the current deficit (last year over three hundred thousand dollars), the U.S. Department of Agriculture nevertheless estimates that the federal treasury receives a return of 95 per cent of the money it might otherwise have to spend for unemployment if the sugar mills were closed.

St. Croix is also the home of donkey races—"when and as the donkeys decide to run," according to the program. There bananas are called "figs," blue fish are plainly pink, and lobster costs less than fish—neither, however, being remarkably cheap. Sundays there is cock-fighting, and periodically, a hunting season for deer, wild pigeons, and doves, plus the usual travelogue attractions of swimming, sailing, and game-fishing in the surrounding waters.

Long ago, the Carib Indians called the island *Ay Ay*. Columbus renamed it Santa Cruz or Holy Cross when he discovered it on his second voyage in 1493. Today, in Christiansted, the town square looks like a musical-comedy setting with its neat lawn, fragile bandstand, pale yellow library, and majestic stairway. It is not hard to imagine Harpo Marx madly chasing a blonde down the steps.

On the far side of the square stands an old Dutch fortress, its rust walls faded with age. Up one block is the post office, pink with green shutters, and up another is town hall, a U.S. flag flying atop its tiny tower. Hoary stone arches shade the sidewalks and shops, and houses, painted in bright pastel yellows, pinks, and greens, are little changed from the days when Alexander Hamilton clerked in Cruger's general store ("I condemn the grovel-



Fort Christian, in Charlotte Amalie, was built by Danes in 1671

ling condition of a clerk or the like to which my fortune condemns me," the apprentice U.S. Treasury Secretary once wrote). And to the town's wharf come schooners from neighboring West Indies islands, bringing tropical fruit and vegetables for barter.

Frederiksted, St. Croix's second town, is on the western coast of the thirty-mile-long island. From its eighteenth-century fort were fired the first foreign guns in salute to the new flag of the United States. After a fire in 1878, the town was rebuilt in Victorian style, with galleries and cornices in wood and wrought iron fashioned like lace-paper valentines.

But that is just the charming façade seen by the casual visitor. Behind it are the pressing problems that only local and national politics can solve. The Virgin Islands, for example, are now operating on an annual budget of about two million dollars, approximately one-third of which is contributed by Congress in deficit appropriation. To straighten out the matter, Governor de Castro told me, his administration is studying the possibility of raising the taxes on the aforementioned unused, but potentially productive, land. In addition, as his latest report proclaims, he ". . . is committed to a program of reducing and eventually eliminating deficit financing, and encouraging the establishment of new industries and commercial activities which will improve the local economy." His methods: increased food production, constant tourist promotion, and economy in government. Nevertheless, even with the fullest cooperation, the islands have a long way to go before their budget will be balanced.

For one thing, the lack of ready cash is chronic in the Virgins, a situation aggravated by the sky-high cost of living. While the moderate year-round temperature makes winter clothing and heating unnecessary, the general cost-of-living index is 35 per cent above that of Washington, D.C., the highest on the continent.

Economic standards are further depressed by the influx of citizens from nearby Tortola. Tortolans, used to British colonial standards, work for even less money than the U.S. natives. There is a formality of registering with the immigration authorities every twenty-nine days, but many are admittedly there illegally, undercutting established living and wage levels—which are not notably high.



The average family income on St. Thomas is \$430 a year and on St. Croix \$339. On St. Thomas, it is less than one-fourth the median family income of small southern cities of the United States, while on St. Croix it is less than one-fifth.

With such an economy, aid to the needy falls far below what people in the United States would consider the minimum required for a subsistence standard of living. The islands' average relief grant for a given month was \$5.90 per person, or 19.5 cents a day. Aid for dependent children came to \$3.63 a month, or twelve cents a day—hardly enough to feed and clothe a growing child.

Considering these figures, it seems providential, however, that there is no real hunger in the territory. Mr. George Simmonds, the Interior Department's administrator for St. John, explains it this way: "Each family has an acre or half acre to cultivate potatoes, tomatoes, or bananas for its own needs. Each family man owns a family fish trap. Every native will have a few chickens or goats. When there is no work in the cane fields or hotels, no road-building or home construction, the native will do a little basket weaving or burn a little charcoal or sell a few eggs or surplus fish for some needed cash." In addition, the insular government, through its program of school lunches, insures that every child, besides being educated up to the age of sixteen, will receive at least one nourishing meal a day.

Housing, incidentally, is still in the development stage. The local housing authority applied to the Public Housing Administration and received a program reservation for 350 units of low-rent housing in Charlotte Amalie, Christiansted, and Frederiksted. Another application was made for an initial capital grant of four hundred thousand dollars for planning a program of urban redevelopment and slum clearance at a cost that will ultimately total \$2,475,000 in loans and \$910,000 in grants.

Actually, conditions in the Virgins are, by nature, rosier than they may appear. At its worst, life in any one of the islands cannot compare with slum life in certain of our industrial communities. The lowliest Virgin Islander reflects the untroubled atmosphere of his environment. While he may live in a shack or lean-to that merely shelters him from sun and rain, he is personally clean, healthy, and independent. He does not consider himself the victim of poverty. Perhaps this is because the seas around him teem with a hundred varieties of fish, and fifty kinds of tropical fruit may be had for the picking. But much of the islander's strength, dignity, and ease springs from deep inner resources—his self-acceptance, his joy in being alive, his pride in being free in a kind of paradise world.



## RADIO AND RECORDS

### Weekly Pan American Union Radio Programs:

#### PANAMERICANA

WGMS, Washington, D.C.  
570 kcs. AM, 103.5 mgs. FM  
Saturday 5:05 p.m. E.S.T.

#### PAN AMERICAN SERENADES

Continental FM  
Friday 8:30 p.m. E.S.T.

#### PAN AMERICAN PARTY

American Broadcasting Co.  
Saturday 2:00 p.m. E.S.T.

▲During the month of September the two numbers most often requested by our coast-to-coast audiences were two versions of an old *pasodoble taurino* (bullfighters' march) that is very popular at present because it is used in two current bullfight movies. The recording by Luis Arca-raz has a fine trumpet solo:

#### LA VIRGEN DE LA MACARENA, pasodoble

—Vocal, with Orquesta de los Churumbales de España (Victor 23-5490)  
—Instrumental, with the Luis Arca-raz Orchestra (Victor 23-5524)

▲The bolero *Usted* was first released last winter, recorded by Los Tres Diamantes of Mexico, who set the pattern. Shortly afterward Eva Garza, also of Mexico, recorded a very intimate version with the Brillo Tarraza Orchestra. It became a hit this summer and now five different labels are available, all highly satisfactory:

#### USTED, bolero

—Trio Los Tres Diamantes (Victor 23-5403)  
—Eva Garza and the Brillo Tarraza Orchestra (Seeco 7102)  
—Los Tres, recorded in Cuba (Landia 5033)  
—Mario Suárez and the Jesús Sanoja Orchestra, straight crooning, bolero style (Tico 10-063)  
—In dance tempo, with Jesús Angel Moleró and his orchestra and a vocal trio (Tico 10-064)

▲The best Latin American LP to reach us recently is an S-M-C recording, *Fiesta Chilena*, done by Donato Román Heitman and Carmen Rivas, with guitars and piano. It contains a varied repertoire of Chilean melodies, new and old, without any of the pretense that makes many folklore singers and their folkloristic songs a forbidding and tiresome affair. The Heitmans, Ella y El of radio fame, are not only outstanding artists but also prove to be splendid arrangers. (*Fiesta Chilena*, S-M-C 515)

▲The Hermanos Reyes, a small ensemble specializing in Caribbean rhythms, have recently made several recordings for Columbia worthy of note:

VIAJERA, blues SOMBRA VERDE, canción CITA FINAL, bolero  
(Columbia 6495) (Columbia 6630) (Columbia 6652)

▲Among the guarachas, the most outstanding this past month were:

#### TATALIBABA. Vocal by Cuban radio singer Celia Cruz

Sonora Matancera Orchestra (Seeco 7118)

ME VOY PA' LA TROCHA. Nico Saquito, famous guaracha composer, and his group (Landia 5028)

▲A surprising and amusing item was a group of two records for children released by Victor. They are sung by Francisco Gabilondo Soler, well known in Mexico for his narration of children's stories on popular radio programs. These records also make good listening for grown-ups, for both the orchestra and arrangements are excellent:

#### LA PATITA

CARROUSEL (Victor 23-5518)

#### JOROBITA

CHE... ARAÑA (Victor 23-5519)



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WILLIAM JAMES IN BRAZIL

Dear Sirs:

I read [Miss Santos'] review [of the Four Papers Presented in the Institute for Brazilian Studies, AMERICAS, September, 1951]... and I appreciate her independent criticism. Regarding Brazil's influence on William James' life, my idea was simply that the country's landscape, the yellow fever he caught in Rio, and the experience gained as a member of a scientific expedition in the tropics, all of that contributed to his decision [of devoting himself to philosophy]. I doubt that the result would have been the same if he had gone to Europe instead. We must not forget that James was very young then, at the age when man is most susceptible to the environment. Even his son states:

"No richer or more instructive experience could well have offered itself to him (WJ) at twenty-three than this journey to Brazil seemed to promise. He was no sooner on the Amazon, however, than it became clear to him that he was not intended to be a field-naturalist; and he pictured the stages of this self-discovery in long, diary-like letters which he sent home to his family. On arriving at Rio he was forced to consider the question of his going on or coming home, by an illness that kept him quarantined for several uncomfortable weeks, and left him depressed and unable to use his eyes during several weeks more. Although he decided in favor of continuing with Agassiz, he revealed more and more clearly in his letters that he was seeing Brazil with the eye of an adventurer and lover of landscape rather than of a geologist or collector, and that the months spent in fishing and pickling specimens were to count most for him by teaching him what his vocation was *not*. He found that he was essentially indifferent to the classification of birds, beasts, and fishes, and that he was not made to deal with the riddle of the universe from the only angle of approach that was possible in Agassiz's company."

Carleton Sprague Smith  
New York City

## BIG CATCH

Dear Sirs:

Your article, "Peru Goes Fishing," (August 1951) has done wonders in bringing attention to our country's newest and least known industry. . . . Did you know that, in 1950, Peru was the number one exporter of canned bonito to the United States and second in frozen and canned tuna exports? That's something we fishermen are proud of.

Rafael Guzmán M.  
Callao, Peru

Dear Sirs:

In connection with the new Humboldt Current fishing industry . . . the Peruvian Ministry of Agriculture is founding an "Ichthyological Museum," featuring species from our oceans, rivers, and lakes, together with a descriptive catalogue of common fish of the Peruvian coast. Meanwhile, the fisheries are stocking our highland lakes and rivers with fresh-water fish of high economic and nutritive value. In December 1950, for example, the U.S. Government presented Peru with the roe of one hundred thousand embryonic brook trout.

Luis F. Mejía Lizarzaburu  
Lima, Peru

Dear Sirs:

. . . Let me take this opportunity to congratulate Michael Scully for bringing the news on the development of fishing and fish-canning along the Pacific coast of South America to the attention of the U.S. public, especially at a time, as the author says, when so many of us have turned to more fish products in order to supplement our diet. Before my induction into the Armed Forces I had the pleasure of assisting Dr. Harvey C. McMillin of Seattle, Washington—one of the original "prospectors" of Peruvian fishing for the State Department—in a program to interest U.S. fish concerns from the Pacific Northwest in participating more actively in South American fishing.

Dan P. Danilov  
Seoul, Korea

## FELLOWSHIP OPPORTUNITIES

● THE UNIVERSITY OF CHILE in Santiago offers scholarships to two citizens of each American republic (four for countries bordering on Chile) for the 1952 "Summer" Session. Classes will run from January 3 to February 10, 1952, so application must be made by November 15 of this year. Application blanks can be obtained from any Chilean consulate or diplomatic mission in the Americas. The scholarships cover room and board and tuition for the session, but do not provide transportation to or from Santiago. Winners will be notified directly by the University.

● THE U. S. OFFICE OF EDUCATION announces that fellowships are now available to United States graduate students under the Convention for the Promotion of Inter-American Cultural Relations. During the next academic year two graduate students each are expected to be exchanged between the United States and Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, and Venezuela. Requirements include: a bachelor's degree or its equivalent, the initiation or completion of some graduate study, a satisfactory knowledge of the particular country involved, good health and morals, intellectual ability, and a suitable plan of study or research approved by the individual student's advisers. Round-trip transportation will be paid for by the United States Government, while the receiving country will allot a certain sum for tuition, maintenance, and occasionally books and incidentals. Applications should be in at the Division of International Educational Relations, American Republics Section, U. S. Office of Education, Washington 25, D. C., not later than January 15, 1952. Students under thirty-five and veterans are preferred.

● AT THE SAME TIME AMERICAS would like to remind its readers that the Instituto Allende in San Miguel Allende, Mexico, is offering two \$1050 scholarships, one for a U. S. citizen, one for a Canadian. The awards will meet all expenses for ten months' study. Applicants must submit at least ten photographs of recent work—in any branch of fine arts and crafts—and a resumé of any previous training, with recommendations from former teachers and one character reference. In the United States this material should be sent to Rico Le Brun, 5433 Rodeo Road, Los Angeles 16, California; in Canada, to Leonard Brooks, c/o L. A. C. Panton, Ontario College of Art, Grange Park, Toronto, Ontario. Applications must be submitted by November 15, 1951. Winners will take up their studies on January 1. For details of the Instituto's program in arts and crafts, address Stirling Dickinson, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Gto., Mexico.



# GUIA

de las colecciones publicas de ARTE en los

ESTADOS UNIDOS

VOLUMEN I

FLORIDA A NEW YORK



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## To Introduce Art Collections of the United States to Latin American Artists, Students, Visitors

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